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THE
SPANISH OUTLAW.

A TALE.

VOL. I.

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THE
SPANISH OUTLAW,

A TALE.

BY WILLIAM HERBERT, Esq.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE

SPANISH OUTLAW.

LETTER I.

*Fernando Texado to Maria Texada, his
Mother.*

Naples, 10 June, 17—

WE have arrived, my dear and ever
honoured mother, at the end of our
journey. I shall say nothing of the fa-
tigues I have undergone in the course of
it ; the sufferings of the body are nothing
when compared with those of the mind ;

my heart is torn, my spirits are broken. I am here separated from the best of mothers by an extent of country which I am astonished at having passed ; in a land where all is foreign to me, and placed in a house of which the inhabitants are scarcely known to me ; I look around and find neither relations nor friends. Naples, it is said, is one of the finest cities in the world, but to me, Naples is a vast and dreary desert. Ah ! how cruel, how dreadful, is it to an affectionate heart, to be separated from all that it holds dear ! This journey was undertaken at your desire ; my resignation is a proof that my obedience and respect to your commands, to your most trifling wishes, is, and will ever be unbounded. How comes it then, that

that in fulfilling your will, I am fallen a prey to griefs the poignancy of which I should strive in vain to describe? Heaven grant that I alone may meet the fatal consequences which, to me, appear to threaten my obedience! and if it should chance that the sad presentiments which, day and night, alarm my fancy, should be ever realised, may the weight of misery fall on me alone! May it never reach you, nor the adorable Josephine, that model of perfection! I know that I offend you, my dear mother, by the mention of that name; but when you forbade me to think on that celestial object, when you commanded me to banish her from my thoughts, you required of me an effort far beyond my power; my strength is un-

equal to the task. No, the heavenly features of that angel can never be effaced from my heart; her image is engraven there, and will there remain till it has ceased to beat. Forgive these transports, dearest mother; forgive this return towards the most accomplished of heaven's creatures! If it be wrong to speak of her to you, it is a fault I shall often be guilty of. In this particular point, I confess myself incorrigible. In all others, you may rely on the respectful and prompt obedience of your dutiful and affectionate son.

LETTER

LETTER II.

The same to Solomon Wanderghen.

Naples, 10 June, 17—

MY sudden departure from Madrid, my dear friend, no doubt greatly astonished you; I assure you I no more expected it than yourself. It was impossible for me to apprise you of it, either by letter, or word of mouth. I was in a manner forced to hasten the preparations for it; I was not permitted to do any thing else, but was, as it were, kept prisoner till the moment of my getting into the carriage; I was actually besieged, deceived by my mother, my sisters, and even by my friend Don Carlos, and in a few hours I found myself (much

against my inclination I assure you), Secretary of Legation. During the whole journey I could not steal a moment, not one single moment to scribble a line to you. His Excellency kept his eyes upon me all the time, and when I represented to him the necessity of my sending some account of myself to my family and friends, he answered with his Castillian phlegm: "You wish to write to Madrid? Certainly, sir, it is very proper, but it will be quite time enough, when we reach Naples." A very grave and singular personage is Don Pedro de Massarena I assure you. At length however, here I am at Naples, and at liberty to relate to you the full history

tory of this very extraordinary departure.

As soon as I had left you, the last time we saw each other, I went to Sancha's library, where, as you know, I was accustomed to pass a great part of my evenings. After the usual salutations, I asked him for some law books which my professor had told me I was in want of. My astonishment was greatly excited, when Sancha, instead of giving me the books, replied with a mysterious kind of smile : " Oh, sir, I believe you will no longer stand in need of purchases of this kind: they will henceforward be unnecessary." " How? what do you mean by unnecessary?" — " Why, sir, have not you seen Don Carlos de Massarena?" " I have

not seen him these three days." —

"Three days! that is a long time." —

"Yes, it is a long while, particularly as we have never since our first acquaintance suffered a single day to pass without seeing one another. Under any other circumstances I should have been uneasy at his absence; but as he told me that his father, who has just been appointed ambassador to Naples, required that he would not leave him 'till the moment of his departure, I feel no alarm about it." —

"And do you know no more then?"

"No, indeed, nothing more." — "Don Carlos is a very good young gentleman."

"You cannot tell me more good than I know and think of him." — "You have in him a very good friend: a friendship
like

like his, and in a person of his rank, ought to be of great service to you."

"Well, well, but all this is not to the purpose. Have you nothing else to tell me?" — "Only that Don Carlos himself

has just left this house to go to your college, where I thought it was likely he would have met you." — "Contrary to

custom, I have not been there to day, because I dined in a party with my friend Wanderghen." — "Ah Signor Wander-

ghen will never do you half so much good as Don Carlos." — "I am greatly obliged

to you, Signor Sancha, for your opinion; but believe me, my friendship is as pure as my heart, and that I never form connections from any selfish or interested motives." —

"That's well thought and admirably ex-

pressed. I shall explain myself no further on the subject.” — “ You will do right — only tell me where you think it probable I may find Don Carlos, for I am vexed that he should have to run about so after me.” — “ He desired me to tell you, in case I saw you, that he begged you would return as soon as possible to your own home, where he would go himself as soon as he had been to the college, when he could communicate some news to you, upon which I beg before hand to express my sincere congratulations.”

I left Sancha's in the greatest impatience to know what Don Carlos had to tell me. I could not conceive what it could be ; but a sensation of disquietude accompanied every conjecture that I formed.

ed. When I reached the house, I found Don Carlos, my mother, and my two sisters, together, in the parlour. I quickly surveyed all their countenances; that of Don Carlos appeared to me agitated; and my mother's presented an appearance of grief, tempered by resignation; Isabella's evinced the most perfect satisfaction, from which I was at first induced to suppose that there was some eligible match on foot for her: Rosolia appeared deeply afflicted; I was not sure whether she had not been crying. As soon as she saw me, she steadfastly fixed her large black eyes upon me, and looked with an affection, which made an impression on me, that I cannot describe. — It was to her that I first addressed myself. “ Eh!

how is this, my dear little sister," said I to her; "I did not expect the pleasure of finding you here. What is the reason of your leaving the convent? I hope no misfortune has befallen you?"—"In one sense it is not a misfortune."—"In one sense," replied I hastily; "have you really then any cause for sorrow?"—"No, not exactly; I should indeed be greatly to blame to be sorry for your good fortune: I have left the convent to take my farewell of you."—In uttering these last words, the poor Rosolia let fall a tear, and immediately turned towards my mother, as if to ask pardon for this involuntary mark of her weakness. My mother immediately took up the matter, and spoke to me to the following effect :

"Yes,

“ Yes, Fernando, Rosolia is come to bid you farewell; she is not going to leave you, but you are about to leave her. There is Don Carlos, who takes you from your family; but it is only for a time, and to raise you to a station where you will promote the happiness of your parents. Return him thanks for the honour which he confers on you in particular, and all of us in general.” — “ Ah! the honour!” exclaimed Don Carlos, rushing into my arms, “ that word will never do between us. Friendship, friendship! my dear Fernando, is the tie by which we are bound. And if I have the happiness to contribute to your advancement, and to the satisfaction of your dear relations, I do not thereby do you honour, it is you,
on

on the contrary, who honour me by accepting my poor services. But let us be seated," continued Don Carlos, "I will explain what it is all about, and put an end to your surprise."

I am this moment interrupted, my dear friend. I will tell you the remainder in my next.

LETTER III.

*Don Pedro de Massarena to Don Carlos,
his Son.*

Naples, 10 June, 17—

YOUR friend is not yet, my son, such as I could wish him to be. I require frankness and confidence, and I do not find him possessed of them. In other respects

respects I am perfectly satisfied with him. He is not wanting in discretion, nor understanding, he appears to have no dislike to business, and is master of the art of pleasing.

Persevere in your studies, my son. The greater your prospect of becoming illustrious by the name you bear, the more will be expected from you ; above all, be particularly circumspect in the choice of your acquaintance. I do not intend you should begin your travels, till I have the assurances of your mother and tutor, that you are in a condition to profit by them. If I remain long enough at this place, I shall be happy to see you here ; you will meet a good reception :] it depends on your-self then to hasten the moment when
you

you may again see your Fernando, who, I hope, will always prove a friend worthy of you.

LETTER IV.

The same to Figuera Texada.

Naples, 10 June, 17—

YOUR son's heart, madam, continues to be considerably oppressed, his mind prepossessed, and his imagination heated. You will, I believe, have great difficulty in effacing this Josephine from his heart ; I wish from my soul, that absence, as you hope, may extinguish a fire, as yet scarcely lighted. For my own part, I can only promise to employ my cares to effect his cure ; but whatever may be the
consequence

consequence of this romantic passion, and however he may conduct himself in future, I shall always feel for him the same attachment which I felt for his father. To whatever degree of fortune it may please Providence to raise me, my first and greatest cares will ever be directed towards my old acquaintance. None but weak minds are dazzled by prosperity, and none but such whose hearts have long been strangers to the principles of sound morality are rendered obdurate by it. For my part, I have always considered that the richer we became in the favours of fortune, the more so we should be in the social virtues, the most amiable of all which is—gratitude. I am greatly indebted to your deceased husband; and you
must

must be too well acquainted with my heart to suppose that I can ever forget the last promise given to so worthy a friend as Texado, when I had the misfortune to lose him. But pray tell me who is this heavenly Josephine; for if, after all, she is worthy of your son, and if he is not unworthy of her, why should not this alliance take place?

LETTER V.

The same to Signora Spinoletta Massarena, his Wife.

Naples, 10 June, 17—

THE reproaches you loaded me with at parting are still uppermost in my thoughts. My citizen connections do
not

not please you ; you cannot forgive me for keeping company with these *little citizens* the *Texados*. It is true they are *citizens* ; but I do not comprehend your meaning by the word *little*. There are *little citizens*, *little counts*, and *little marquisses* ; and even, if I must confess it, *little grandees* ; for example, your dear and ever honoured brother Don Juan Spinoletto, great as he is by his title, is, nevertheless, far from being a *great* man. To speak freely, I know none who are physically little, but such as are not five feet high ; nor morally so, but such as are fools. This definition is not very favourable to your dear brother Spinoletto, but it is not for you and me to conceal facts like these. I know his ability at the castanetts and the
tabour ;

tabour ; but I maintain, that although he be possessed of this fine talent ; and although his rank be of the first description ; that notwithstanding his slender figure may be five feet nine inches high, he is nevertheless but a very *little* personage ; and so little, that I beg of you to allow no other communication between him and our son than civility and politeness require.

Thus, madam, you see, that if you will be at the trouble of considering the meaning to be annexed to the word *little*, you will no longer have cause to be ashamed at my intimacy with the family of Texado. Besides, how would you have me contrive to avoid an acquaintance with citizens ? In whatever rank we are placed, we must necessarily become acquainted with people
of

of every class, with tradesmen, mechanics, and labourers. If you will take the trouble to observe, you will find that there is a continual intercourse throughout the world between those whom we term great, and others who are entitled *little*; or, to speak plainer, between the rich and the poor: the former give their money, and the latter their labour; and I am really at a loss to decide to whom the obligation is done. How then, in a commerce like this, are we to escape the necessity of being frequently together?

Your censure, madam, and your reproaches on the subject of my connection with citizens, have not then the least shadow of justice, and I hope, on a little reflection, you will cease to indulge them; otherwise

otherwise you will be your own censor, and that of every body else, for yourself and every body are obliged to have dealings with people of this class.

I am well aware that you will say I may have dealings with tradespeople without becoming intimate with them; and you are only vexed at my taking such great interest in the Texado family. I confess to you now, and I shall always repeat it, that the interest I feel for them cannot be encreased, and that it will always remain the same; and how can you possibly persist in reproving me for it, when your heart must dictate such powerful motives to justify it? I have so often told you of the obligations I was under to the late worthy father, that I am at a loss to conceive how you
can

can endeavour to make me forget what I owe to his memory. But what excites my astonishment still more is, that you should be displeased at my having given the preference to young Texado, to be secretary of legation, before the man you, or rather your brother, honours with his countenance. Your choice, madam, when made by yourself alone, will always be very proper ; but I must be bold to tell you that whenever it is guided by the will of your brother, it will always prove the reverse. How could he have entertained an idea, that after having entrusted to Inigo Astucia the education of my son, I should take that office from him, to place him in one, for which he is in every respect unfit. It was on Spinoletto's

letto's recommendation that I made him tutor to my son ; and Heaven grant I may have no cause to repent my complaisance ! Don Carlos is an amiable youth, he has an upright mind, a great soul, and a generous heart. Nature and the cares of his first masters at school have already done much in his favour. — I am disposed to believe that the instructions and attention of Astucia will make a happy finish of a work so propitiously begun. If I am not mistaken, Astucia will have no reason to regret doing justice to the trust I have placed in him ; but I will not conceal from you that I have some doubts with respect to this man, which cause me some degree of uneasiness, and which prudence requires on your part that you should be
careful

careful to keep from his observation. His smooth face, his humble salutations, and his fawning manners, do not please me at all ; I cannot but think he is a hypocrite at bottom, and hypocrisy always conceals a corrupt heart ; all this, madam, is between ourselves. — I must add that if I had not been so extremely occupied with the business of the court as I was when Spinoletto proposed him, I should never have accepted him as my son's tutor, because I should have been more at leisure to study his character, and make further enquiries concerning him. — However, madam, the die is cast, Astucia shall remain with my son as long as he shall have occasion for him, unless some weighty reasons occur to alter my determination.

I am on all occasions averse to changes, particularly in matters of education, inasmuch as they influence the manners, character, and habits of the pupil, and incline him to caprice and inconsistency. Don Carlos has reached his twenty-second year ; his good natural parts, and the able instructors he has hitherto met with, have brought him already so forward, that he can afford to dispense with any lessons from Astucia, should the man be incapable of giving them ; and in two or three years more, Don Carlos will be able to go alone, or will certainly need no other mentor than his father.

On the other hand, young Texado, little citizen as he is, shall remain in the post I have appointed him to : he wants
experience,

experience, he will there have opportunities of acquiring it; he has lost his father, I will be a substitute for that father.

Such are the things, madam, to which I have thought proper to direct your attention, *ne varietur*. I am not obstinate, because I am not a fool; but I am incapable of changing from what I once resolve, because I never resolve without due consideration. Every thing has its inconveniencies; the wise and prudent man's decision is on the side which has the fewest; such is my aim, and such I trust my conduct. — Farewell, madam; you have too much good sense to see this letter in any other light than as a mark of my confidence which will always equal my other sentiment for you.

LETTER VI.

The same to Lorenzo Cascara.

Naples, 12 June, 17—

YOU have now, my dear Cascara, been twenty years in my service, and ought not therefore to hesitate at affording me any fresh proofs to which I may find it necessary to put your fidelity. You are now fifty-eight years old, and ought to be a prudent man.

It was with great reluctance that I dispensed with your services as valet de chambre, in favour of my son ; but I had particular reasons for so doing, which I am now going to communicate to you.

My absence from home puts it out of my power to attend to my son's conduct ;

I am

I am desirous that Don Carlos should be observed by a second self, and that person must be you. — I do not mean that you are to be his instructor or his guide ; you have not the necessary qualifications for that office. On the contrary, I wish you to pay him the most implicit obedience, even in matters that may appear to you unreasonable. My orders are (observe them well), that you keep a strict watch on all his actions, and give me a faithful account of them. Observe in what manner he pursues his studies ; above all, make yourself acquainted with what company he frequents : and when you know any thing which is important to me to be acquainted with, communicate it without delay. Do all this without affectation, and without

the young man, Astucia, or any one, being privy to it. Do you comprehend that well?

Texado does not know of my writing to you ; but I must do him the justice to inform you, that he has begged of me, whenever I should write to the Signora Massarena or to Don Carlos, to make his kind compliments to you and your wife. He still calls you his good papa ; and your wife his good mama. I am far from blaming him for it ; your wife having been his nurse, and yourself having bestowed on him the care of a real father, the attachment which he still feels towards you both gives me a very good opinion of him. I will say further, that the pleasure I observed you felt, when I
first

first took notice of him, has in a great measure contributed to strengthen the resolution I have formed to do him all the good in my power.

Farewell, Cascara; serve me well, and you shall have no reason to complain of me. A propos, cannot you give me some information respecting a certain Josephine, who has gained possession of young Texado's head and heart? See about it, be prudent in making your enquiries, take proper time, and enable me to bring this affair a little to light.

LETTER VII.

Fernando Texado, to Solomon Wanderghen.

Naples, 15 June, 17—

I SHALL resume my story, my dear friend, at the place where my last left off. I was petrified during the scene which I have described to you. My curiosity, to know the issue of it, kept my mind in a state of insensibility, from which even the tender embraces of Don Carlos could not awaken it. I sat down, as he desired, by the side of him; he was between my mother and myself: my two sisters were seated opposite. The attention, with which I listened to him, did not prevent
my

my observing all his motions ; Don Carlos spoke with great feeling, and pressed from time to time my mother's hand, as a token for her to give her approbation to what he said, which my mother did not fail to express by a nod of the head at the end of every phrase. Every now and then she glanced at Rosolia, and turned away impatiently, as if displeased at the sorrow which that dear sister could not forbear to evince on the occasion. My elder sister looked eagerly on Don Carlos, and frequently lifted her eyes towards Heaven as if in extacy with all that he uttered.

If I should ever become a skilful painter, and have occasion to express admiration, I will certainly draw Isabella in

the attitude she preserved during the whole of Don Carlos's discourse. As for Rosolia her eyes were fixed sometimes on me, and sometimes on my mother. They expressed the most amiable interest when directed towards me, and the most ingenuous timidity when turned towards my mother. But let us proceed to Don Carlos's harangue ; you shall have it word for word ; I have retained it too well to omit a syllable.

“ Yes, my dear Fernando, I take you from your family, they do not blame me for it, nor will you when you are acquainted with my reasons : my father, as I believe I told you a few days ago, is appointed ambassador to the Neapolitan court. As soon as my uncle Spinoletto
was

was informed of it, he came immediately to solicit of him the place of secretary of legation for Inigo Astucia, my tutor. My mother joined her entreaties to those of my uncle, but my father only replied to their importunities by shaking his head, and pronouncing, whenever he was looked to for an answer, "*That shall not be.*" This morning, when we were alone at breakfast, my mother being kept to her bed by a slight indisposition, a courier arrived with a letter for him, and set off again instantly. My father, after reading the letter, clasped me in his arms, and told me that his presence was required on that very day at St. Ildephonso, where the king expected him, and that he should then receive orders for his immediate departure

c 6

ture

ture to the place of his destination. I made no enquiries as to the reasons that induced so sudden a departure, because I know that Don Pedro is averse to talking on business of state ; but I ventured so far as to ask him who he took with him as secretary of legation ? He replied with much earnestness that it certainly would not be Astucia ; that the minister for foreign affairs had promised to appoint one ; that from St. Ildephonso he should go on to the Escorial, where he should meet with the person chosen by the minister ; and from thence he should proceed directly to Naples. After having thus satisfied my question, he added that he had reason to fear he should be a little perplexed about it, because it might happen

pen that the person intended would not suit him, and that he could not prevail on himself, in a matter of such importance, to let his complaisance get the better of his judgment : that besides he had good reason to suspect, and indeed was in a manner certain, that the gentleman proposed was no other than Astucia himself, who he positively would not take from me ; and after all the minister could not be displeased by his dissenting from his choice, because the letter, in which he proposed a secretary, was conditional, and contained this express clause : “ *In case you should not already have made choice of one.*” On my remaining silent after this explanation, my father expressed some surprise, and had the goodness to
say,

say, that it was my business to relieve him from his perplexity, and that he would do me the honour to take a secretary of my appointing. This excess of kindness was well calculated to encourage me; but, notwithstanding the strong desire I felt to propose you, my dear Fernando, a kind bashfulness, for which I cannot account, prevented me. I blushed, I hung down my head, and remained mute. I do not know what construction my father put upon my unseasonable timidity; but I have reason to think that it was not a very favourable one, which has caused me the most serious regret. He reproached me with some bitterness, with not being a warm friend, and said, that it was my schoolfellow Fernando Texado whom he wanted; that
he

he was willing I should have the merit of proposing him myself ; but that he was sorry to find that I had not the courage to be separated from him, but preferred my personal comfort to Fernando's advancement ; that it indicated a selfishness that was detestable, and that he should never forgive me, unless I made amends for my fault, by a ready and cheerful obedience to the orders he should give. These orders were to find you immediately, wheresoever you might be, to prevail on you to set off, and take you with me to St. Ildephonso, where he should expect us both. I wished to make a few observations, but he would not suffer me to speak a word ; he desired me to go, adding, that what he had just said was his fixed and unalterable resolution ;

resolution; that he had, my dear Fernando, reasons of the highest importance, which he felt no obligation to impart, for wishing you to accompany him to Naples; that he left the negociation to my discretion, but that if it was not successful, he should consider me as the sole cause of its failure. When I was about to retire, after signifying by a respectful motion, that I was preparing to obey his orders, he called me back, and charged me to give you this purse containing one hundred and fifty piastres, which will assist you, said he, to fit yourself out; he engages to allow you, a salary of four hundred and fifty, and will pay you the first quarter on your arrival at Naples. As soon as I left my father, I came hither, and
after

after gaining your mother's promise that she would place no impediment in the way of Don Pedro's designs, I begged her to pack up your things while I was employed in seeking you. Astucia was with me. The Signora Texada having mentioned that you would be anxious to embrace Rosolia, before your departure, I told her that if she would write a line to her at the convent, my tutor should carry it there, and bring your sister in my carriage. Astucia took charge of the commission, I hired a coach and went to every place where I thought there was a probability of finding you; after many fruitless searches, I remembered that you frequently passed your evenings at Sancha's: I went there and was much surprised

prised to find him instructed in the motive of my visit. He told me that my tutor had been there before me, and had disclosed the whole affair.

“ This, my dear Fernando, is an exact account of my conduct in this affair, you surely will find nothing to censure in it. Permit me now to say, that after what I have represented to you, I cannot suppose that you will hesitate a moment, and indeed we have not a moment to spare, for it is now five o’clock, and we must positively set out for St. Ildephonso, in the course of the evening.”

I was perfectly motionless during the whole time Don Carlos was speaking. When he had finished, I found myself unable longer to contain the feelings which

which oppressed my heart, "come, come," exclaimed I, "you are jesting with me Don Carlos! what means all this violence? what are these important reasons? Am I then become a slave? Must I sacrifice my judgment, inclination, my studies, relations, and friends, in obedience to the will of your father? what authority has Don Pedro over me? These are your great people! Can they be called friends? No, they are despots! They command, and we must obey. Shall I be the slave of Don Pedro? No, I would rather become the prey of misery or death! what intolerable caprice! what incredible extravagance! not two days, not four and twenty hours, allowed for reflection." — "No, no, my dear Fernando," said Don

Don Carlos, “not a moment’s reflection, if you will only consider!” — “What am I to consider?” replied I, interrupting him, “is not all this a conspiracy against my liberty and happiness?” At these words I paused; my heart was full; sensibility took its turn. “Happiness,” exclaimed I, in a pitiable tone, “happiness! oh! how soon it vanishes.” Just as I uttered this mournful exclamation, my eyes fell upon Rosolia; her heart was ready to burst; tears streamed down her cheeks, and she could not forbear replying. “yes! yes, how soon it vanishes.” Then covering her face with her handkerchief, “Oh Fernando, Oh my dear brother,” added she, “how sad will be my lot!” Rosolia’s affliction drove me to despair.

despair. Unconscious of what I did, I ran to her, and falling on my knees, I seized her hand, and imprinted it with kisses; “O amiable Rosolia,” said I to her, “my dearest sister, how dear to me is this news fresh proof of your friendship, and affection! And must we then be separated? What! our happy years, our infant sports, our innocent pleasures, our mutual confidence” — “Yes, yes, Fernando,” she replied, “all those are quickly passed. Rosolia from her birth, was doomed to sorrow.” — “No,” exclaimed I, rising in a transport of rage, “no, that shall not be, they shall not part us, let what may be the consequence of my refusal; I will not go: Don Carlos return to your father, the decree is fixed;

fixed ; I will not stir from hence.” —
“ Good Heavens ! ” exclaimed Don Carlos, transported in his turn, “ what are we about ? Is it thus, Fernando, that you return my friendship ? I thought till now, you had been a man ; but I find you are still a child. It is very becoming truly, to complain and lament, when we should resolve and act.” — “ But see,” said my mother immediately, pointing to Rosolia, “ look at this infant ; it becomes her well to object to what every body else approves. Was it for this that I sent for you from the convent ? Why do you not follow the example of your sister, who, as you see, takes care to make no opposition to what we all wish.”

Don Carlos finding that my mother
grew

grew warm..... Another interruption — Oh my friend what a man this is! If I can but contrive to free myself from his chains..... I must again defer the conclusion till my next.

LETTER VIII.

Francisco Sancha to Charlotte de Suza.

16 June, 7 o'clock, Even.

AS you are sensible, madam, of the interest I feel in every thing that concerns you, you will not be surprized that I consider it my duty to apprise you, that for some time past, there has been a great talk at my house of Miss Josephine. I feel truly sorry for it. If any endeavour should be made to discover who you are,
you

you must be aware that it may be of serious consequence to you. The affair is by far too recent, and the prejudice too general, not to render the greatest precaution necessary. I am informed besides, that the description has been inserted in all the public papers, and has been sent likewise to all the foreign ambassadors. I am myself assured that Don Pedro de Massarena, who, as you know, is gone as ambassador to Naples, has received orders to make the most diligent search.

You see then, madam, that after the earnestness with which the business is prosecuted, it would be extremely hurtful to you should they discover who you are. The most trifling indiscretion must add new woes to the misfortune that afflicts you.

Having

Having the honour to be the godfather of Miss Josephine, I must take the liberty to observe that her beauty is a treasure which she should conceal from all men. I beg of you to present my best remembrances to her, and to believe that no one is more anxious to give you proofs of his respectful and sincere attachment, than your devoted servant Sancha.

LETTER IX.

Charlotte de Suza to Francisco Sancha.

17 June, 8 o'clock, Morn.

I AM greatly obliged to you, sir, for the advice you have had the goodness to give me. I should be worthily esteemed the most ungrateful of women, did I not,

consider as an inestimable kindness the interest you have manifested, and the care you have taken of a family as innocent as it is unhappy. I trust that God who never deserts the unfortunate, will one day make it appear so to the whole world. In the mean time I adopt every measure of precaution. My neice on her part conducts herself with a prudence far beyond her age. She has scarcely attained her sixteenth year, and she has all the circumspection and good sense of a person of forty. Her wisdom encreases with her beauty. Adversity is generally sufficient to prevent advances from the men ; but it is true that she is possessed of peculiar attractions. To such as bear it like Josephine, it enriches the heart with such good qualities

qualities as the most superior education could not have enriched her with. Nevertheless, I cannot help feeling uneasy at the talk which you say prevails about my dear neice ; but till I know in what terms, and by whom she is spoken of, it is not in my power to afford you any satisfactory explanation. My anxiety for my brother is in some degree abated, not being able to prevail upon him to surrender himself prisoner ; and being fearful of keeping him any longer with us, on account of the scrupulous search that was made in the town, he left us a fortnight ago. I was unwilling to give you earlier intelligence of it, knowing the uneasiness you would experience whilst you supposed him in the Spanish territories. He is now re-

moved from them. I have just received a letter written by him from Cadiz, on board the ship David ; in which he tells me he has embarked. He does not mention for what place it sets sail. Continue, my dear sir, to honour us with your friendship. My neice will be ever grateful for your advice, and will observe it as scrupulously as if given by her wretched father himself.

It is scarcely necessary for me to observe, that it is proper all your letters should be brought me by Ambrose, as I shall never entrust my answers to any one else.

LETTER X.

Francisco Sancha to Charlotte de Suza.

18 June, 8 o'clock, Morn.

AMBROSE, madam, will always carry my letters to you, and bring me back your answers. From what you know of him, you ought to be satisfied as to his discretion. Your brother, during the three days that he was concealed in my house, told me much good of him, and on quitting me, he recommended him to me as he would have done his best friend: "I leave in your care," said he, "my dear Sancha, my servant Ambrose. — You see that as I am circumstanced, I have nothing but misery to offer him. Do the best you can

for him; any services you render him I shall consider conferred on myself." I happened just at that time to be without a shopman; I offered the place to Ambrose, and he was glad to accept it. The situation is not very lucrative; but it may in time be better. Ambrose assures me that he is extremely well satisfied with his new line of life, he is very fond of reading, writes neatly, and is ready at accounts, so that he may some day perhaps be better off. I now come to the main point of your letter. Three different people have spoken to me concerning your neice. First a young bachelor, who told me he loved her with all his soul, then a young nobleman who acknowledged he had designs upon her, and lastly another bachelor,

chelor, who expressed himself very cavalierly, saying that whether she would or not, Miss Josephine should go where he wished to take her. I reckon but three persons; a fourth asked me three or four days ago, “if I knew any thing of a *certain Josephine* ? (that was his expression) whom he had heard much talked of; that he had himself seen her twice, and that she appeared to him prodigiously beautiful.”—This, madam, is all that I am able to tell you at present. Cannot you on your part call to mind any circumstance that may have given rise to such sayings? I am extremely happy to find that your brother is clear of Spain: he will do well always to act with the greatest caution, for it is not probable

that the government will so easily lose sight of him. I am acquainted with the owner and the captain of the *David*, I have myself three chests of books on board, destined for France.

LETTER XI.

Charlotte de Suza to Francisco Sancha.

19 June, 9 o'clock, Morn.

YOUR letter, sir, has thrown both my niece and myself into the greatest consternation. We are entirely at a loss to account in any way for all that has been said of poor Josephine, and we are extremely anxious that your memory should still furnish you with some circumstances applicable to the case. As for my own,

the following is the only one I have been able to think of, after employing the whole night in recollection.

About two months ago Josephine and myself were at Buen Retiro; not, as you may easily suppose, on any pleasurable scheme, but for a motive which I will not conceal; for the interest you are pleased to take in our affairs demands that I should keep nothing from you. Imagining that my brother would be under the necessity of quitting the kingdom, I employed all the means I could devise to make up a sum of money, to prevent his being reduced to the extremity of begging on the road. After what had befallen us, I had nothing but my jewels left to dispose of; Josephine added her's, and they altoge-

ther were worth at least 12,000 piastres. Had it been possible for us to realise this amount, we should at least have enjoyed the consolatory thought that my brother would have been enabled to wait with tolerable patience in a foreign country, till it should please Providence to decide his fate. Unfortunately time pressed upon us; every hour brought with it some intelligence to encrease our alarm, and my brother was in danger of being forced to depart every instant. In this extremity, we considered that we could not have the money too soon, and as the sale of our jewels would be unavoidably attended with delay, we resolved, as the most speedy method, to put them in pawn. Ambrose told us of a pawn-broker

ker called "*the one-eyed Jew*," which is the only name we know him by. We were told that he was at a little country house of his, at the end of the park of Buen Retiro, and that we should be better able to treat with him there than at his house in town; because he preferred that place to transact business of this description. We accordingly hired a coach and went there. The Jew, after spending several hours in examining and weighing our jewels, and having ascertained that they were (what he called) *good*, would only lend us 4,000 piastres, one thousand of which he paid us in ready money, and the rest in bills of exchange, in Madrid, Cadiz, Marseilles, and Leghorn. Such, sir, was the business we went upon,

and I will now relate the adventure to which it gave rise. The Jew, as I told you, detained us a considerable time ; it was 8 o'clock at night when we left him. I remember that when we had reached the end of his passage, we found two young men standing against the rails, one of whom had a very unfavourable appearance ; his insignificant size, his palè face, his squinting eyes, his black bushy eyebrows, and his round shoulders, did not prepossess me much in his favour. The other appeared to me more amiable than handsome ; he was of the middling size, but very well made, his countenance was manly and open, it had a smile upon it, which inspired confidence ; his teeth were as white as pearl, and he had large black eyes, which

which sparkled with an animation that qualified the gentle expression of his countenance. When our coach came up to the railing, these two young men were obliged to stand on each side to let it go by. The one with the squinting eyes kept his hat on all the time, and eyed us steadfastly with his eye glass. The other, on the contrary, took off his hat, and, as it were, stole a look at us with great modesty, and made us a profound bow, after which I heard him say to his companion : “ Well, adieu my friend ; we are to dine together to-morrow at Madrid, are we not ? ” — “ Yes,” replied the other ; “ but there is no necessity for your walking there to night, unless you like it, for the King comes to Buen Retiro to night,

night, and you will no doubt find plenty of return-chaises or perhaps those ladies. . . .” “O for shame my friend,” said his comrade to him in a low voice, “how can you be so foolish?” Then raising his voice, he added: “no, I would much rather walk, this moon-light will make it highly pleasant; the serenity of the sky, and beauty of the country, will afford me pleasure every step I take.” I then looked out at the window, and saw them both separate. The one who squinted went into the house we had just left; and the other came after our coach. As he walked a good pace, and the concourse of people on horseback, in coaches, and on foot, obliged us to go slowly to avoid confusion, he sometimes came up, and looked at us; but

but I could observe nothing in his curiosity calculated to offend. When we had left the grand entrance and were advanced a short distance on the high road, I heard a noise that greatly alarmed me. I looked as far as I could, and saw an appearance of the greatest consternation. The road was a scene of disorder and confusion; the coachmen and gentlemen were driving full speed, crying out, as loud as they could, “*Have a care! have a care!*” Among those who were on foot, some ran on different sides of the way, others climbed up trees, and some fell on their knees and began praying with the greatest fervour. As I could not conceive the reason of all this tumult, I desired the coachman to draw on one
side

side and stop a while, and on looking more closely, I observed a handsome carriage, drawn by two spotted horses, running along the road, with a rapidity almost incredible. I clearly perceived that they were beyond the power of controul; the coachman, who was in a yellow livery, was without his hat; he had let go the reins, and lifted his hands towards Heaven, with evident signs of the greatest alarm; two servants who were also in a yellow livery, and who had contrived to get down from the carriage, stood in the road, stamping on the ground and striking their hands on their forehead. The carriage was not far from us, when a clash was heard, like the breaking of a glass. At that instant a young man, of a very interesting appearance,

ance,

ance, put his head out of the window, throwing his hands about, and crying out, "take care of yourselves, jump down." So saying he endeavoured to open the coach door, with the intention, no doubt, of getting out, but he was too late; the horses turned suddenly out of the road, and scrambled up a heap of large stones, that had been gathered on the side of the Manzanarez, which, owing to the heavy rains that had fallen for some days before, had become a large river. The horses were on the point of rushing into the torrent. This sight shocked Josephine and myself in the greatest degree, and we could not forbear uttering a loud shriek; at that moment we heard the young man, who had followed our coach,

coach,

coach, exclaim in a tone of the deepest affliction: "Oh Heavens! it is my friend, it is Don Carlos, let me fly to his assistance." He had scarcely uttered these words, when throwing away the cane that he had in his hand, he rushed to the Manzanerez, went up to his knees in the water, and with both his hands seized the horses bit's, with a degree of strength almost supernatural. The horses who had already got to the top of the stones, were upon the brink of the precipice above the water, and were endeavouring to drag the carriage to them, which was on the opposite hill, but the vigorous action of the young man frustrated their efforts, and gave a complete check to their career. The spirit of the horses was suddenly broken

ken and they stood motionless. Immediately the young man, with a presence of mind, truly astonishing, cried out to the coachman : “ Don’t be frightened, there is no danger, take hold of your reins again, your horses are quiet enough, and drive them gently into the road.”

The coachman obeyed ; and the coach was easily brought next to ours. All the bye-standers bestowed a thousand blessings on the young deliverer. We observed that in coming out of the water he walked rather lame, and could not go, as fast as he appeared to wish, to meet his friend, who, jumping out of the carriage, ran to him and clasped him in his arms. They both remained some minutes without being able to speak a word.

Every

Every body was sensibly affected by the scene, and I observed the tears trickle down the cheeks of the tender Josephine. At length the one, who had just escaped from such an imminent danger, raised his eyes to Heaven, exclaiming, "How much I rejoice that it is my dear Fernando I am indebted to for my life!" "And am not I," replied the other, "the happiest of men, that a service which I should have done to any man, has been the means of preserving my friend!" Thus you see, sir, by this recital, that without any enquiry on our part, we easily became acquainted with the names of these young men; but this is all that we know of them at present. This adventure was attended with other circumstances which more particularly

ticularly concern Josephine and myself; and which I will relate to you to-morrow, this letter being already too long.

LETTER XII.

Francisco Sancha to Charlotte de Suza.

20 June, 17—

YOU have given me an insight, madam, into this mystery; and I believe I can already give you some explanation of it. You, on your part, will see if it assists you in expounding it. The young man with the fine teeth, whom you met near the railing of the Jew's house, is the bachelor Fernando Texado, twenty-two years of age, son of the late Gonzales Texado who died last year, and who

was

was without exception the most celebrated lawyer in all Spain; he was very well known to me, because he always applied to me to publish his works. The other young man is Solomon Wanderghen, about twenty-five years old; he is the son of the one-eyed Jew, whose proper name is Moses Wanderghen. He is neither Spaniard nor Christian; he is an old usurer, who is said to be uncommonly rich, which is all I know about him. His son is one of those wits, who deals both in prose and verse, and who I believe is far from being a fool.

The young man, whom Fernando called Don Carlos, is the only son of Don Pedro de Massarena, who is a great favourite with the King.

This,

This, madam, is the only information I can give you at present. When you have finished the account of your journey to Buen Retiro, my memory may perhaps supply me with something further to communicate which may probably assist you still more.

LETTER XIII.

Charlotte de Suza to Francisco Sancha.

21 June, 17—

YOU shall now have, sir, the remainder of the adventure, which, as I observed, more particularly relates to Josephine and myself. When the two young gentlemen had testified their mutual

tual satisfaction at the happy issue of the accident which I have mentioned to you, Don Carlos said to Fernando, "My friend, you are hurt in the leg."—"And you in the cheek," said Fernando. In fact, the blood actually streamed down Don Carlos's face, who wiping it with his pocket handkerchief, replied, "Well then, we are both wounded; but before we think of ourselves, let us go to the Signor Astucia, who has had so terrible a shock, that he has fainted away." We then perceived a fat little man at the bottom of the carriage, as pale as death, with his eyes closed, his hands hanging lifeless, and his head leaning on his right shoulder. The two young men called to him several times to no purpose, and at length

length asked some of the bye-standers if they had any salts? Josephine happened to have a smelling bottle in her pocket, which she immediately presented to them. Fernando took it of her, after an abundance of thanks, and went with Don Carlos into the carriage. The salts had the desired effect; the little gentleman recovered from his fainting fit, exclaiming, "What a disaster! what a disaster!"—"Oh yes, a disaster indeed," said Don Carlos smiling, "but Signor Astucia, who was the cause of the disaster but yourself, in insisting on my trying this harness?"—"Well, and by the Apostle St. James, the harness is a very good one," replied Astucia, "but the coachman is a fool, and has not half the sense of his horses!"

horses !” The coachman, who overheard this compliment, immediately answered : “ I am much obliged to you for your politeness, Signor Astucia ; but if you had been in my place, the disaster would have been much greater, for not one of us would have been alive now. You had better try what you can do, you will be quite time enough yet.” Having said this, he transferred to his horses the uncivil treatment he had just met ; he loaded them with all the oaths and curses he could think of, which were succeeded by as many blows with the handle of his whip, as he had strength to bestow on them. The horses again began to rear and kick, and, making a plunge, fell foul of our coach, the little wheel of which got entangled in one
of

of the large ones of the carriage, it broke down, and we fell on one side. Josephine was overcome by the shock, and uttering a dreadful shriek she fainted in my arms. I really believe that the coachman's design was to have frightened Astucia again, but after this second accident, he remained perfectly master of his horses. Don Carlos desired him to drive a little beyond our carriage, and with his friend immediately came to our assistance, followed by Astucia, extremely alarmed at Josephine's condition. I unthinkingly called her by her name, and applied to every body near us for assistance; Fernando instantly returned the smelling bottle which she had given him, which I applied to her nose, and after a

short time, she came by degrees to herself; and with her eyes still closed, she said to me: "Oh my dear aunt where are they? what is become of them? I hope they are not hurt;" and immediately opening her eyes and seeing Don Carlos and Fernando before her, she could not conceal her emotion; but said to them with a smile of inexpressible sweetness, and the most amiable ingenuousness, "Ah how happy I am to see you again." Don Carlos only replied by an inclination of his head, but Fernando exclaimed with great warmth, "Ah madam, then we are the most fortunate of men, since our presence has afforded you the least satisfaction."—"But," replied Josephine, "it was very natural that I should be apprehensive

hensive of your falling a second time into the danger, from which you had just escaped. Conceive the joy I feel then, in having my fears relieved." When she had done speaking, Don Carlos offered me his hand to help me out of the coach ; Fernando presented his to Josephine, and, as I thought, pressed his with some degree of emotion ; she drew it back, as soon as she was out of the carriage, and thanked him by a low curtsy, he returned the compliment, and said to her in a voice almost approaching to a whisper : " May I then flatter myself, madam, that I have been fortunate enough to inspire you with any interest for me ?"—" How, sir," replied she aloud, " can you suppose that I do not partake of the interest with

which your generous action has inspired all who were witnesses to it.” — “ Then,” replied Fernando, “ I am indeed the happiest of men.” “ Come Signor,” said Asúcia, “ let us reserve the compliment to which those ladies are certainly entitled for some other time ; our present business is to determine what is to be done ; we are now all on foot, and I would not get into that cursed carriage again for an empire.” — “ It appears to me, sir,” replied I, “ that that is not the most important thing to be decided, these gentlemen are hurt ; it is highly necessary they should look to themselves ; and myself and my niece would be sorry to go to town, without being perfectly satisfied of their safety.” The two young men expressed

pressed their thanks for the anxiety we naturally felt on their account, and told us that they would certainly obey. Don Carlos made a sign to the two servants who were with him, to follow him and Fernando, and they all retired on one side. During this time Astucia remained with us; he overwhelmed me with questions about my name, my condition, my abode, and the object of my journey to Buen Retiro, alleging as an excuse for these impertinent interrogatories, that it was the uncommon interest he felt for my niece and myself, and the strong inclination he had to assist us, that alone induced his inquiries concerning us. You may suppose that in all my replies I was careful to leave his curiosity unsatisfied. He then

proceeded to compliments ; and addressed some of every kind to Josephine, who, however, remained silent to all the silly things, and common-place expressions, which he so bounteously lavished on her. Don Carlos and Fernando having returned to us, the latter told us he had a slight bruise on his right knee, given him by a kick from one of the horses, but that it was of no consequence, for it was very little swelled or inflamed. Don Carlos, for his part, shewed us his face, where we could see nothing but a slight scratch. He said that he had just washed it at the fountain which was near us, and it was no doubt a bit of the glass that was broken, that had produced the blood we had seen. “ Well, if that is the
case

case then," said Astucia, "since we are all safe and sound, let us determine what is to be done." — "That is easily decided," answered Don Carlos; "if Fernando were not lame, I should propose to go on foot to Buen Retiro, which we should reach in a quarter of an hour's time; but as Fernando is circumstanced, that cannot be. My father must have been at the castle these two hours, and I have sent one of my servants to let him know our adventure, and bring us his carriage. You can all four get in it, and I, who have neither hurt my knee, nor fainted away, can very easily walk." I understood by this, that Don Carlos intended that my niece and myself should go to his father's; the thoughts of the perplexity which such an

arrangement would have caused, somewhat vexed me, and I said to Don Carlos in a manner very much inclining to ill temper : “ I am at a loss to conceive, sir, how you can include myself and my niece in your scheme, without having consulted our inclination.” — “ Madam,” answered he, a little confused, “ I beg a thousand pardons for not asking your consent, but it was natural to suppose that after the fatigue you have undergone, you would stand in need of some repose.” — “ We shall find it at Madrid,” replied I, “ whither it is indispensably necessary we should go immediately.” “ To Madrid ?” said Fernando ; “ but your coach cannot possibly carry you thither. Very well,” added he, turning towards Don Carlos, “ you

“you and Astucia can walk ; these ladies shall have your father’s carriage, and I will conduct them to Madrid, where I likewise want to be to-night, for I have an appointment there to-morrow, with a friend of mine.”

Thus you see I was no sooner extricated from one difficulty, than I was involved in another ; I was upon thorns all the time ; I saw by the anxiety that was pictured in Josephine’s countenance, that she was fearful of my compliance ; at length finding that I made no answer, she impatiently exclaimed : “ Well but my dear aunt, people are not to be disposed of against their will ; you know very well that we cannot accept the gentleman’s offer.”—“ No, sir,” said I, to Fer-

nando, "we cannot comply with your proposal; we are extremely sorry for it, but we cannot make use of the carriage in question, and we are desirous of returning to Madrid by ourselves." — "Strange adventure!" said Astucia, shaking his head. — "By yourselves!" said Fernando, "by yourselves, at night, and in the high-road!"

"The road sir," replied I, "is too much frequented, to be in the least dangerous." "Come, come, Fernando," said Don Carlos, "you are troublesome to the ladies, you will affront them, you ought to think kindly of their refusal; it is a proof of their care for you. Consider the condition you are in, you have hurt your knee, and are wet up to the middle ;

middle; you cannot be too quick in changing your clothes, and resting yourself; you will be in very good time for your appointment at Madrid, if you set off to-morrow morning.”—“Very well,” replied Fernando, “and these ladies shall have your father’s carriage, and I will get to the castle as well as I can,”—“No, sir,” said I, immediately, “we cannot suffer that.”—“But,” replied he, “your coach cannot carry you, how will you reach the city?”—“On foot, on foot,” answered I, “Heaven will take care of us.” “Oh on foot,” exclaimed he; “I should be sorry to incur your displeasure, by my disobedience, but” Before he could finish, a person, who had come from Madrid in a post-chaise, having observed the

crowd that surrounded us and understood the subject of our dispute, most obligingly offered to give the chaise up to us, and walk the remainder of the way to Buen Retiro ; to which we very gladly consented, and got into it, with such evident signs of satisfaction, that the two gentlemen appeared to me greatly confounded. Astucia whistled, but did not say a word.—We were no sooner in the chaise than the father's carriage arrived, which Don Carlos perceiving, he begged us to stop a minute or two, and entreated us to accept of some refreshments which he got out of the carriage, and, which he offered with so much grace, that we had not the courage to refuse ; we each of us took an ice, and bid them farewell.

I was

I was just going to tell the coachman to drive on, when Fernando returned, and, looking in at the window, said to us with an air of extreme bashfulness, and almost stuttering : “ I fear, ladies, that the scene which has passed may affect your health ; how can I be satisfied on that point ?— If you would do us the honour to give us your address, or condescend to take mine, that you may write to us—” “ No, no,” answered I, “ it is quite unnecessary, our health is not, nor will it be, at all affected, by what is passed ; we shall always think on you with interest sir, and, have a grateful remembrance of the civilities we have received from you and your friend ; but since no ill has befallen any of us, and you have as much reason to be satisfied
on

on our account, as we are on your's, nothing more need be said, so farewell, sir; I beg of you to detain us no longer." — "Farewell," replied Fernando in a mournful tone, "farewell, for ever! oh how cruel!—And do you then, madam," continued he, addressing himself to Josephine, "do you" "I can say no more," said she, interrupting him "than my aunt has already said; I should indeed be very ungrateful, did I not feel as she does on the occasion."

Here our conversation ended: Astucia, who was no doubt very desirous of reaching the castle, kept pulling Fernando away by the skirt of his coat, and we heard him say: "Come, come," Signor bachelor, it is getting late; what more
would

would you have of those ladies? don't you clearly see that they won't make themselves known.—You will not fathom this mystery now, so come along.” Fernando left us, and being supported by Don Carlos on one side, and ‘Astucia on the other, all three bowed, and we set off. As we were going, I thought I overheard Don Carlos say to his friend, “upon my soul she is the finest girl I ever saw.” You may imagine, sir, how much we rejoiced at having eluded these young men's curiosity, and not without reason; my fear lest we should have been discovered was the greater, as besides that it was perhaps important to our *lives* to remain unknown; I had at that time my brother with me, and I trembled lest they

they should have persisted, and found out our abode. It has pleased Heaven to save us from this peril. We have heard no more of the gentlemen in question; we have met the bachelor twice since, one of which rencontres was of so singular a nature, that I will relate it the next time I have the pleasure of writing to you.

LETTER XIV.

Francisco Sancha to Charlotte de Suza.

22 June, 17—

I SHALL wait, madam, till I am favoured with your next letter, before I proceed to give you the particulars which interest yourself and Josephine; but I
must

must beg that you will not write to me till I return from a journey I am going on to Seville. In your present critical situation, and while enquiries are prosecuted with such earnestness, it would not be safe to entrust your letters to the post. I am not without my fears on the subject of your adventure from Buen Retiro. Don Carlos's father has great influence. Astucia is very cunning, and Fernando deeply smitten with Josephine. Continue to live together in the greatest retirement; impress every body whom you have to do with, with the notion that you are poor sempstresses, who live by the labour of your hands; above all be particularly careful to conceal your real name: let every body suppose that it is really Roidera, by which you
are

are known in your house, and to your neighbours. My journey will not detain me long ; from Seville I shall proceed to Cadiz, where I have some mercantile concerns to transact. I expect to hear news of the *ship David*, which I will communicate to you when I return. It appears from your brother's having gone the road to Marseilles, that he considers France a safe asylum.

I am not sorry for your dealings with the Jew, since you had no alternative ; but I regret that Ambrose should have been the means of your knowing him. He is to blame to have any connection with a wretch whose business it is to prey on the unfortunate. I set off to-morrow morning ; as soon as I return I will let you know.

LET-

LETTER XV.

*Fernando Texado to Solomon Wander-
ghen.*

Naples, 23 June, 17—

IF I am right in my calculation, it is now eight days since I wrote to you last; the reason is that I cannot write when I please. In my situation, I am not master of a single action: I am day and night in perpetual slavery! Oh blessed, thrice blessed, Liberty! To be one's own master, to be dependant on no one, is the supremacy of happiness. I enjoyed it once; how could I consent to let it escape me? But I will cease to repine, and resume my history.

I was telling you that my mother began
to

to grow angry, and to tax the poor Rosolia with the opposition I made to Carlos's taking me away. He, however, averted the storm ; he respectfully took my sister's hand and led her to the window, where they talked together for some minutes. During this conversation, which appeared to me very animated on the part of Don Carlos, and to whom my sister listened with great composure, I swore that I would never go, that I had nothing to do with Don Pedro's protection, that I preferred my independance to all the favours of the great, and that a life of the mendicant was preferable, in my mind, to the most splendid fortune. My mother only replied to this effusion of my despair, by bidding me hold my tongue, and
telling

telling me I was a madman. — “Are you at an age,” said she, “competent to decide what is best for you?” I was in a kind of delirium; “I know madam,” replied I, walking backwards and forwards in the room, “I know madam that you would willingly sacrifice me, and” “Good Heavens!” exclaimed she, “what do I hear!” “Madam! Madam!” repeated she, several times, wringing her hands, and holding down her head. “Very well, sir,” said she, at length, with great vehemence, “if I am no longer your mother, you shall no more be my son. No, no, I do not sacrifice Rosolia and you for Isabella’s sake, though she does her utmost to promote my comfort, while you cause
me

me nothing but sorrow and vexation. I love my children, and know better than you what is proper for them. You are a wicked son, and are for ever saying something to offend me. If your father could have heard you, he would have cursed you! aye, have cursed you for this unfeeling, undutiful conduct!" — The tears that accompanied this speech, and that dreadful word "*cursed!*" pierced me to the soul. I fell on my knees, and kissing her hands, "Oh my dear mother," exclaimed I, "I am indeed unfeeling, and undutiful; despair has blinded me; what can I do to obtain your pardon? Command what you will of me, you shall find me ready to obey. Must I die? must I depart? I will go wherever you please, I am
resigned

resigned to every thing, but do not hate me; do not withhold your affection from me." — "Rise, Fernando," answered my mother, "and attend to Don Carlos."

Don Carlos had finished his conversation with Rosolia, and coming up to us, "Peace, peace," exclaimed he, "every thing is agreed; close the Temple of Janus, for see where Minerva comes to bring us peace." — "Yes, my dear brother," said Rosolia, wiping her eyes, and endeavouring to compose her countenance; "yes, you must go; the happiness of us all requires it, and mine too; since I can never be happy but when every body else is so: you must do as my mother desires, you, God will have it so." — "How," said I, "and do you too, Rosolia,

consent to my departure?" — "Fernando," exclaimed my mother, "do you take pleasure in afflicting me? let there be an end to this; obey instantly, or Don Carlos, you are too good, pray take him with you." — "Upon my word," said Don Carlos, "I shall be angry in my turn. I cannot at all understand all this noise and lamentation.—Rosolia, whom I thought wisdom itself, says *she shall no more be happy*, and Fernando, whom I considered a Cato, says, that he is miserable. What means all this childish play? these doleful strains? And do I remain untouched then? Who has cause for sorrow and regret if I have not? I part from a friend, with whom I have lived from my cradle in the greatest intimacy;

macy ; from a friend, whose absence will leave a gap in life, which can never be closed ; from a friend, for whose sake I would cheerfully resign the life he preserved ; and though deprived of all this happiness, I am the only one who shews any courage on this occasion.”

“ What generosity ! what a man !” exclaimed Isabella, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed upon him all the time. “ For God’s sake, Fernando,” continued Don Carlos, “ be a man, prove that you have a heart worthy a Spaniard.” “ Oh,” said I, “ that I could comply with your desire ! but, confess Don Carlos, is not this a scheme to banish the remembrance of” He would not allow me to finish ; he came to me in a stead-

fast manner, and holding my hand, “Come, Fernando,” said he, “let us put an end to this; in my resignation at parting with you, I afford an example of the most painful sacrifice I could ever submit to make. Have you courage to do like me? In two words, will you go or not? you are at liberty to remain if you please; if you do, my father will think I have been disobedient towards him; his determination is not doubtful; he will banish me from his affection, I know he will never get the better of his prejudice: and I would rather die than incur his hatred, or live indifferent to him. If he should once fall out with me, I am undone, it is a misery I can never support; it must hurry me to my
grave;

grave ; see then the dreadful extremity to which you will reduce me. Ah ! you had better, Fernando, have let me perish in the waters of Mançanerez.”

These last words of Carlos had an effect upon me completely beyond conception. My whole system seemed changed ; I became cold and tranquil, as if I had not one spark of passion within me. I answered Don Carlos with an apathy worthy of a stoic. “ No, Don Carlos, you shall not quarrel with your father ; my mother’s commands ought to be sacred to me ; yet I fear I should scarcely have had the fortitude to obey them, notwithstanding my promise. I blush when I reflect that I could have been capable of such a heinous and scandalous resistance ;

and I feel how greatly I must suffer by this confession; but I shew myself what I am. If I endeavoured to appear less culpable in your eyes, I should be no better than a hypocrite; you must bear, Don Carlos, with all my faults, with all my weakness. The earnest desire I feel to promote your happiness, the dread I have of injuring you in the confidence and affection of your father, have at length determined me: let us go, Don Carlos, I am ready." As I uttered these words he clasped me in his arms, exclaiming with an expression of the greatest tenderness: "What a heart! what a heart, has my friend Fernando! Oh sacred Friendship! thou, and only thou, couldst work this miracle!" — We both
burst

burst into tears; those I shed were precious to me. I saw Don Carlos content, and his joy was ample compensation for the sacrifice at which it was purchased. But alas! I presumed too far upon my strength; and agonizing sorrows, which every day became more insupportable, punish that presumption. I pass my days in sad reflection, and night involves me in new horrors. Sometimes I start up with a firm resolution to return to Madrid: but am withheld by an impulse of shame, for which I cannot account. My life is a torment, and I cannot long endure it. — O Josephine, Josephine, the barbarians have torn me from the spot that you inhabit, but they shall not triumph long; all the world opposed

to my endeavours shall not prevent me finding you again ; yes, my friend, Josephine alone can make me happy ; contribute your friendly aid to put me in possession of this treasure ; but in all the researches, in all the endeavours, which your attachment towards me may induce you to make, be sure to observe the most profound respect towards her dear name.

By what a feeble thread is our destiny suspended ! If on the day when I fatally resolved to quit Madrid, I had not gone to Sancha's, I should have missed Don Carlos, I should have been still in the bosom of my family and friends ; I should never have entered upon a career, which appears to me the commencement of a new existence. I had no sooner yielded
to

to Don Carlos's entreaties, than the good Cascara entered the parlour with a letter; immediately on perceiving me, he fell about my neck, exclaiming: "Ah! how glad I am to see you here; you are going away, are you not?" "Yes, I am going, my good papa; I just have promised Don Carlos —" "Heaven be praised! Signor Astucia then told a lie. How happy will Don Pedro be, when he hears that you have consented. Heaven be praised, you will get through, my dear sir, you will get through." — "Be that as it may, I shall never forget the good papa and mama, who took such care of me in my infancy." — "Yes, yes, you will get through, that head of yours —" "Oh! as for the head,"

said Don Carlos, "that perhaps is not so very capital, but the heart; he has the noblest heart. But," continued he, "give me that letter you have in your hand." "It is from Signor Astucia, sir, but I rather think it is now of no use."—"No matter, let us see it." Don Carlos read the letter to himself, and gave it to me, saying, "Thank Heaven, he is mistaken." Its contents were as follow:

"In compliance with your wishes, I have traversed all the streets, cross-ways, suburbs, coffee-houses, and other places in Madrid, without being able to meet with Signor Texado. They told me at one place that he was gone to spend two or three days at a friend's house,

house, some miles from Madrid ; so that unless you have been more successful than myself, all further search or enquiry is superfluous, and you may set off for St. Ildephonso with a safe conscience. Your father cannot expect impossibilities from you, and this disappointment may probably determine him to accept the person proposed by the minister."

Astucia was I dare say right ; had not Don Carlos met me as he did, Don Pedro would have resolved to take the Minister's man, and I — *should have been still at Madrid*. As soon as I had read the letter, Cascara said to us : " Well then, as there are no longer any obstacles between you, why do we delay ? why do we not set off immediately ? " — " Have you

brought the carriage?" demanded Don Carlos. — "Yes, sir," answered Cascara, "your carriage is at the door." — "Are Lopez and Castellan there?" — "Yes, sir." — "Very well, tell them to take charge of Fernando's trunks and portmanteau which are in the hall, and we shall come directly." Then turning towards me, "Come Fernando," said he, "take leave of your family, I will be your substitute during your absence, if it is agreeable, as you will be mine, with my father. I presume this journey will turn out well for us all." — I then went to my mother with as much composure, as if I was only going to take leave of her for a few hours. She embraced me coldly enough, and begged of Heaven to prosper my journey.

journey. “If,” added she, “you value my affection, do not let me see you again, without Don Pedro’s fullest consent ; be mindful that whatever he does, is done for your good, and friendship for your deceased father.”—I then went to Isabella, who received my embrace with the most perfect indifference, and, with a countenance somewhat expressive of constraint ; her farewell was accompanied with the warmest encomiums on Don Carlos’s generosity, and ended, by telling me, that, with a friend of his rank and merit, it would be my own fault if I did not one day prove a great support to my family.—Rosolia’s turn came next : she flew to my arms, and bathed me with her tears ; “ Love me always, my dear brother,”

brother," she whispered, "and write to me as often as you can, I entreat you." — "Yes, yes," replied I, "my dear sister, I will write to you; I love you from my soul; and my regret at parting with you is greater than I can express." — I then asked her aloud, when she returned to the convent? — She answered, "the next morning." — "Well, my dear sister," said I, "pray to God for your brother Fernando, for you are an angel." "No," replied she, "there are none in this world, they are all in Heaven; but I will pray to God for you, with all my heart every day of my life; I will beseech him to make you as happy as you are good and kind." This amiable naïveté of Rosolia unmanned my heart; I found

I found my eyes moistening apace, and all my former weakness gaining ground upon me ; I made a grand effort ; I seized Don Carlos's hand and dragged him after me out of the room ; I got into the coach and set off, without casting a single look behind me.

Excuse me, my dear friend, the relation of what followed this extraordinary departure ; I have been so much distracted from the moment I quitted my home, that I have but a very confused idea, either of my thoughts, words, or actions, since my arrival at Naples. I dare say, during the whole journey, I had the appearance of a madman, or rather of a criminal, dragged to punishment. Adieu, my friend ; try every means to give me some
hope

hope of the adorable Josephine. Do, in my absence, as I would myself, if I were present. You have such an extensive connection, and such an aptness at scheming, that I have no doubt you will succeed, as well, if not better, than I should. I flatter myself that if I could but procure her address, I should in a short time reach the summit of human happiness.

LETTER XVI.

Fernando Texado, to Don Carlos de Massarena.

Naples, 27 June, 17—

I HAVE written to every body since I have been at Naples, except you, my
dear

dear and worthy friend, by whom I ought to have begun. This is inexcusable; but my head has been, and still is so bad, and I find so much difficulty in writing long letters to those I love, that you must be a little indulgent towards me. I did not know besides, where to direct my letter; you told me when we parted, that your father had desired you to join your regiment, and I have completely forgotten the station of the garrison; I shall, however, address this to your house at Madrid; it will no doubt be forwarded to you wherever you may be.

Confess, my dear friend, that you were a party to the plot, which drove me from Madrid, and that you are not innocent of the manœuvres that were had recourse

course to on that occasion. I allow the goodness of your intention, you meant all for my benefit, and I conducted myself towards you with all the docility of a child; you did with me what you pleased; *you* ought to be content; but *I* am far, very far from being so. You vainly imagined that absence would cure me of what my mother is pleased to term my folly. Well, I am more foolish than ever; I doat upon her. You thought that I should prefer the diplomatic duties to the study of the law, it is quite the reverse; I have no taste for my new employment; I regret my seat at college, and my lectures with the professors. You supposed too, that I should repay the protection bestowed on me by your father, with prompt and zealous services, that the
favour,

favour, in which he is held by the courts of Naples and Madrid, would bring me into notice, and that I should always be disposed to follow his fortunes: but here again, my dear Carlos, you were mistaken; I find in Don Pedro a great man whose favour does not encourage me, whose society does not suit me, and whose disposition in no way sympathizes with mine.

My dear little sister Rosolia could not express herself with more honest simplicity; but if I spoke otherwise, I should offend against truth, and you know, my friend, that I abhor falsehood as much as yourself. On this subject, as on most others, we think alike; falsehood is a mean vice, fit only for culprits and hypocrites.

I have

I have always found, in those who practised it, a depravity of heart; your's and mine, my dear friend, will never be so inclined. If I could be induced but once in my life, to speak to you otherwise than I thought, I should never after have the courage to face you: I would not use deceit even with my greatest enemy.

I have not, in other respects, any just cause of complaint against Don Pedro, and I must in justice subscribe to his merit. His personal qualifications render him truly valuable, and the extent of his knowledge is astonishing. English, French, Germans, and Italians, all hear him with admiration speak their languages in the same purity as his own. On whatever subject the conversation may turn, he rea-
sons

sons upon it with as much accuracy as if that subject had been the whole study of his life ; his conversation is replete with elegance and urbanity, his dispatches are a model of perspicuity and precision ; his designs are good, his reasonings just, and his conjectures prophetic. I do not believe that Spain has at any other court a minister more learned, more intelligent, or better calculated to sound the secrets of the cabinet, to ensure respect to his nation, and procure such advantages by his conduct with the different powers concerned. Yet, notwithstanding all these high qualities, Don Pedro has certain points in his disposition which appear to me to take in some degree from his merit ; his pride towards those who consider themselves above him,

him, extends almost to insolence. He is free and good humoured with his equals; yet even in his warmest and most jovial moments, he seems anxious to maintain a degree of superiority. He is affable with his inferiors; but his full countenance, his majestic shape, and his dignified air, which he can never divest himself of, tend altogether to render his address rather repulsive than engaging. He is a just master towards his servants, but severe and inflexible; no earthly consideration could ever prevail on him to revoke an order that he has once pronounced. I will give you an instance of this, which distressed me greatly.

On the evening of our arrival at this place, he called all the house together—
gentlemen,

gentlemen, pages, secretary, guards, and servants, both in and out of livery; and when we were all assembled, he said to us in a tone of authority, which transformed him into an absolute monarch, and us into a parcel of slaves, I have called you together, to proclaim to you my decree; that every one observe the strictest silence on any thing that I may be heard to say, or seen to do, in any way connected with the Spanish service, as well as on the other visits which I may either make or receive: such is the law, and this the penalty, for all who offend against it:—whichever of you shall be guilty of the most trifling indiscretion on any of those points, shall be immediately dismissed my service, and shall from that moment
forfeit

forfeit my interest, favor, and protection for ever. You have now heard my orders; if any of you consider them too rigorous, avow it openly, I would not keep you, you shall quit the house, but I will place you elsewhere to the best of my ability; allowing you on all occasions entitled to my interest and protection."

We all expressed our willing submission to these orders. "In this case then," replied he, "remember, that he who disobeys will be without excuse;" and thus saying, he dismissed us all to the performance of our several duties.

Yesterday afternoon he sent for the secretary Balbuena into his study, and desired him to copy in his presence, as
neatly

neatly as he could, a note which I had written in the morning conformably with His Excellency's instructions. Balbuena writes an exceeding fine hand, and what is very uncommon with fine writers, he writes as fast as he could scribble. Don Pedro was extremely well satisfied with his work, and complimented him greatly on the manner in which it was done, telling him that he really was not aware of his merit ; and that his services were truly valuable to him. Just as Balbuena had finished his letter, Baron Ludolf, a German general, came into the room by the private staircase. Don Pedro immediately said to his secretary, " Signor Balbuena, you may go, I shall have no more occasion for you to day. Balbuena then went to take

a walk upon the pier, and afterwards turned into the Malta Coffee-house where they happened to be talking about Baron Ludolf, ; some one said, that he had been gone from Naples these three days. “ There you are mistaken,” answered Balbuena, without meaning any harm ; “ for it is not an hour since I came from home, and left the Baron with his Excellency.” There the conversation ended.

In the evening, about nine o’clock, Don Pedro enquired if Balbuena was returned ; he was told that he was, and immediately sent for him to his study, and addressed him thus : “ My good Signor Balbuena, you have been at the Malta Coffee-house to day, have not you ? ” —

“ Yes,

“ Yes, Signor.” — “ Somebody said there that General Ludolf had left Naples three days ago.” Balbuena seemed to hesitate ; “ Do not deceive me,” continued Don Pedro, “ was not that said ?” — “ Really the thing is of so little consequence, that I had forgotten it ; but I recollect now, — Yes Signor, it is very true, that was said.” — “ It is not your business to determine whether it was, or was not, of consequence ; you answered in these words : “ It is not an hour since I came from home, and I left Baron Ludolf with his Excellency, you answered so, did you not ?” — “ Yes,” Signor, “ I cannot deny it.” — “ Call to mind the orders I gave to every body on my arrival here. Farewell, then,

Signor Balbuena, I have no longer occasion for your services; pack up your things, and leave the house immediately." — "But Signor, just at this time I am without money — where can I go? what will become of me? — Your Excellency will not have the cruelty to refuse me a little time." — "So it is with all my people, what I consider justice, they call cruelty; you must do as well as you can, Signor Balbuena. — You may go where you think proper, I have no money to give you; you have received your quarter's salary, I owe you nothing, and I only bestow favors on such as deserve them. — I allow you two hours; after which do not appear in my house: I cannot tell what will become of you, but
never

never apply to me, for you will not meet a good reception. Farewell, Signor Balbuena, I have nothing further to say to you."

The poor fellow came into my room quite distracted; he tore his hair, and rolled himself about the floor, like a maniac. I pitied the poor wretch from my soul. He was literally pennyless, his quarter's salary was already consumed, or rather drank up: for although a Spaniard, he is far from being sober; he drinks out of all measure, he is tippling all day, and so much is he a slave to this dreadful habit, that he cannot, by his own account write a syllable, before he has swallowed ten or a dozen glasses of wine; he will never get the better of this

practice now, for it is impossible for a man to effect any material change in his way of living after he is forty years old. I recommended him not to expose himself to Don Pedro's resentment by exceeding the time he had named ; I advised him likewise not to remain at Naples, where it would be impossible for him to procure a situation, as he must unavoidably refer to his Excellency for his character ; but to return to Spain as soon as he possibly could. — I had in my bureau one hundred and sixty-eight piastres in three separate parcels, of fifty-six piastres each. I opened the drawer that contained this treasure, telling Balbuena to look at it. He immediately got up from the ground, where he was stretched like a madman. At
sight

sight of the money he opened his eyes as wide as he could, and became a little more calm. Here, said I, Signor Balbuena are one hundred and sixty-eight piastres good money, and current throughout the Spanish dominions, which, as you see, I have divided into three several parcels; this continued I, beginning with that on the right of me, is for your humble servant Fernando, *primo nultri*. If I remain here, I must not have the appearance of a beggar; I must not disgrace His Excellency; my wardrobe is in a very bad state, I have not even a watch, it has come into my head lately to take snuff, and I have only a shabby paper snuff-box. This is scarcely enough to make me fine, which I have lately felt desirous of being; and this

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parcel,

parcel, proceeded I, pointing to the second, is for the Signora Figuera Texado, my ever honoured mother, who has three children, of whom I am the only male, and who is by no means incumbered with riches. This third parcel I intended to have saved up, and I should have taken great pleasure in its daily encrease; for since my acquaintance with the one-eyed Jew at Madrid, I have been a good deal inclined to avarice; a miser is capable of giving very good advice, and Signor Moses Wanderghen, who is the Jew I speak of, has often told me, that it was the business of every prudent man to provide against an evil hour. I approve his maxim greatly, and that evil hour may very soon arrive to one, who is dependant on
the

the will of another, as I am at present, *per fas et nefas*." The poor fellow listened to me with the greatest attention, notwithstanding his impatience to know what I meant by all that I had been saying ; but what was his joy, and how did he rub his hands together in ecstasy, on my adding ; " I now have altered my mind as to the destination of this third parcel ; I lend it to you, you can pay me again when you please to leave off drinking the money that you earn. Go to-night to the hotel of Port-Royal, there are eight piastres, they are sufficient for the present ; enquire to-morrow, and every day, for a ship that is bound to Spain ; it will be your better plan to go by water, for it is considerably less expensive. I

will give you every day till you set off eight piastres, which I will bring to you myself between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, for you must never be seen here again; when you go away, I will pay the captain of the vessel you embark in for your passage, and on your arrival in Spain he will deliver to you the remainder of the fifty-six piastres contained in this purse." The poor Balbuena knew not how to thank me; he swore that he would never drink any more, protested that he would repay me honestly; and to prove the sincerity of those professions, wanted to give his note." — "No, no, I want no note," said I, "I leave it entirely to your conscience. This is the first time in my life that I have
enjoyed

enjoyed the gratification of lending any money, because it is the first time I have had the ability to do so. It is also the first time of my putting into practice a rule which I have determined to adopt; I used to say to myself, in those moments of folly when I indulged in building castles in the air, that if ever I should come to the possession of a fortune, I would ask myself this question before ever I lent any money:

Are you in a condition, Fernando, to dispense for the remainder of your life, with the sum you are going to lend? —

If I cannot always do without it, without any serious inconvenience, I will not lend. If, on the contrary, I should lend it, I shall consider it as lost money; I shall never bestow a thought upon it;

nor ever say a syllable on the subject to the borrower. — If he pays me again, *bene sit* ; I shall look upon it as so much gained. If not, I shall never regret it ; for it would have gone out of my memory, as it did out of my purse, at the moment of my lending it. You see then, Signor Balbuena, that, according to this rule, which will always preserve me from disagreements with those to whom I lend, I cannot in conscience take your note. lest I should resemble those fine preachers of philosophy, whose practice is always at variance with their theory ; for my part, I will always endeavour to make none but good rules, and my conduct, with God's help, shall always be conformable to them."

This

This pleasantry of mine disconcerted poor Balbuena, and he began to feel very uneasy, till I put into his hand the first eight piastres, which immediately banished from his thoughts all the disasters attending his disgrace. People of this description never see beyond the moment; a few maravedis are sufficient to make them forget the greatest sorrows; they never look into futurity, and they are no doubt happy in the omission; but what sensible man would desire such happiness, which puts him so much on a level with the brutes? They have only the time present in their view, we have the past, the present, and the future; the past is no longer at our disposal, the present is our own, but in using it we should always have an eye to the future.

When

When Balbuena had finished his joyful exclamations, he went to pack up, which did not take him a long time, for he might have easily got into his pockets all that was contained in his portmanteau-case. A porter took this light burthen on his shoulders, and the poor fellow having once more embraced me, left the house to return no more.

His adventure has really afflicted me, and I am sure you will agree with me, that this was very harsh treatment for so trifling an indiscretion. You will see by my next letter, how Don Pedro deals with me; I see thoroughly into the drift of his conduct towards me, but I cannot conceive what interest he can have in effacing from my heart a passion which I
could

could never resist ; and which will never cease to reign there in its first and fullest force. It surely cannot concern His Excellency, that I adore the beautiful Josephine ; but enough of this for the present, my dear Carlos. If I studied my inclination, I should write to you both day and night, it would be my greatest pleasure ; I feel it would. When I consider that it is to you I write, that it is with you that I discourse, I can scarcely lay down my pen ; I experience when thinking on you, and calling to mind the many happy days we have passed together, a gentle and sweet sensation, which not only assuages my sorrows, but makes me almost forget them. My heart expands, my mind unburthens itself, and my imagination

gination recovers from its accustomed gloom. I resume my natural gaiety, my college chearfulness; you must have perceived it in the course of this letter. Ah! I feel Don Carlos, that Heaven ordained we should be friends; we have been so from our birth, and shall continue so to our death.

I cannot promise to write to you again by the next post, because Don Pedro has employed me on some business that is urgent, and, as he says, the King's affairs must be attended to before all others; but when my labours are finished, you shall be the first to whom I write. I have received too much comfort from the time I have now spent with you, not
to

to seek the earliest repetition of so grateful a relief.

I cannot conclude so long a letter without saying a word of Josephine;—to whom shall I speak of my mistress, if not to my friend? I do not suppose you are at Madrid now, but as soon as you get there, do all that I could if I were there myself. Your endeavours, aided by friendship's indefatigable zeal, must be successful; and, when they have succeeded, speak, plead for your unhappy friend; tell her that my love and respect for her are unbounded. I am confident you will not proclaim me mad, for loving without the assurance of being loved; for as you have seen her as well as myself,

you

you too will readily admit excuse, so admirably expressed by these lines of a French poet :

Si c'est un crime de l'aimer,
On n'en doit justement blâmer
Que les Beauté's qui sont en elle :
La faute en est aux Dieux,
Qui la firent si belle,
Et non pas à mes yeux.

Vale, atque iterum vale, et me semper ama.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

*Don Carlos de Massarena to Signora
Maria Figuera Texada.*

Anduxar, 30 June, 17—

YOU are doubtless, madam, much displeased at my having let so long a time elapse without informing you of the particulars of your son's farewell, after we both left you. It is very natural that you should have felt an anxiety to know them, and I fear he has been too much engrossed by his unhappy passion to have told you them himself, or even to have recollected them.

Believe me, madam, the indolence which is in some measure natural to me, has

no

no share in the negligence which you have cause to complain of. My father having been promoted on his departure to Naples, to the rank of Lieutenant-General, obtained the King's consent to resign the regiment which bears our name, in my favour. The formalities and visits indispensable on such occasions did not allow me a moment's leisure to write to you from St. Ildephonso, and my father's express commands were, that as soon as I had fulfilled these first duties, I should go post from St. Ildephonso to join my regiment, which is garrisoned here; he particularly forbid me to stop any where on the road, which deprived me of the honour of paying you a visit in my way through Madrid; when I joined my regiment,

ment, I had so many new duties to observe, in order to conform to my father's instructions, that I really have not had a moment to myself. This, madam, is the excuse I have to offer, and I trust you will accept it with your accustomed kindness. Not being quite so much occupied to day, I take advantage of the first moment to acquaint you with all that passed concerning your son, to the instant of our separation.

On leaving your house we went to the Hotel, to call on Astucia, who appeared greatly astonished at seeing Fernando. "Well, I never expected it," said he to us, "I thought you must certainly have missed him." During the whole of the way to St. Ildephonso, he paid Fernando several
forced

forced compliments upon his figure, upon my friendship for him, and his good luck in suiting my father. To say the truth, Fernando was deaf to all he said, and did not appear to hear or see either of us ; his arms were folded, his eyes fixed, his head and shoulders obeyed mechanically the motion of the carriage ; he scarcely opened his mouth, except two or three times, when he took me by the hand saying ; “ Don Carlos, you will always love me, wont you ? you will always be my friend ? you will write to me sometimes ? ” “ Yes, yes,” answered I, which was all I could answer, for my heart as well as his was ready to break.— Thus you see that our conversation was very mournful, notwithstanding Astucia’s
sedulous

sedulous endeavours to enliven it. When we arrived at my father's, they were serving up supper ; he was going to sit down, and it is very plain he expected us, for there were four covers laid, although he was by himself. " That's well," said he to us, as soon as we entered. Fernando and myself scarcely eat any thing, but my father and Astucia appeared to me to have very good appetites ; I really believe there would not have been a word spoken all supper time, if I had not interrupted the silence, by telling my father that I was so eager to accomplish his orders, as not even to allow myself time to go to my mother's room to enquire after her health. " She is well, perfectly well," answered my father, " she has only

only had her usual vapours ; but as she always requires rest after fits of this kind, I was not willing that she should follow me here.—She will not be displeased at not seeing you ; I made every necessary apology for you.” This was all that passed during supper. When we arose from table, my father went into the parlour, and we followed him ; he read some papers, while Fernando, Astucia, and I, walked about in perfect silence. When he had done reading, he looked at his watch, and rung his bell, observing, that it was now late ; then turning towards me, he addressed the following words, which are deeply impressed upon my heart. “ Don Carlos, give me your hand ; I am very well pleased with you, and I hope to-mor-

row to give you a proof of it." As soon as I had shaken hands with my father, I hastened to embrace Fernando, as if to convince him, that it was to him I was indebted for Don Pedro's satisfaction. — He knew my meaning, but replied only by a sigh and some tears which I observed escape from his eyes. " My son," resumed my father, " I told you it was late; conduct Signor Fernando to his room, we will all three breakfast together to-morrow morning, and Signor Astucia shall breakfast with us." At that moment Cascara entered. " Cascara," said my father to him, " take care that these young men are ready by nine o'clock to-morrow morning; you will dress my son and Signor Fernando; at ten

o'clock we will set off for the castle; Astucia shall go with us. A good-night, Signor Fernando. Mind you put on your best suit to-morrow. Modesty is extremely becoming at your age; but you must not carry it to extremes." Then as we were going up the stair-case, he repeated, " Good night, Signor Texado; in proper time we shall be better acquainted."

The next morning we were in the parlour before my father; when he entered he seemed pleased with our punctuality; he saluted us by a slight inclination of the head, and seemed particularly pleased with Fernando, whose dress-suit became him extremely well. He ordered chocolate, and desired the servants not to
come

come in again till he rung. When they had left the room, he addressed us as follows.

“ On my arrival here yesterday, I went, as I had been desired, to visit the King, who had the condescension to ask me who I took with me as secretary of legation? I answered that I had chosen one of Don Carlos’ college companions, son of my old and worthy friend Gonzales Texado. “ I do not wonder at it,” replied his majesty, “ but if I remember right, the minister of the foreign department mentioned some other person.”

I then shewed the King the letter, in which the minister spoke of the other person ; observing, at the same time, that the minister’s intention was, as it

ought to be, to leave it to my own discretion. The King, having read the letter, gave it me again, saying: "Oh! I can rely upon you for making a proper choice: "I shall be glad," added he, "still to see your *protégée*, before you set off to-morrow." — "Mind, Signor Fernando," said my father, looking at your son, "it was the King that said *protégée*; I did not say so. — It was thereupon agreed," continued my father, "that we should be this morning in the King's avenue, when he goes to mass. It will be as well for Signor Astucia to go with us, in order that he may bring you back here, in case His Majesty should wish to speak with me after mass." "So much for you, Signor Fernando; now for
for

for you, Don Carlos.—At the end of this conversation, the King had the goodness to tell me, that he had in the morning promoted several general officers, and took great pleasure in informing me that I was appointed Lieutenant-General to the army; and having afterwards asked me if I intended to retain my regiment, I answered, that as the duties of an ambassador were in no way compatible with those of a Colonel, I hoped he would be graciously pleased to allow me to resign it. He desired to know in whose favour I wished to resign; whereupon I begged that I might be allowed till to-day to inform him. I shall now tell him that my choice is fallen upon you, Don Carlos.—This, Don Carlos," concluded

my father, “is a detailed account of what I had to tell you, and the reward which I bestow on you, for the satisfaction you afforded me yesterday. On my return from the castle I will give you your commission.”

Towards ten o'clock we repaired to the castle, and waited in the gallery, where there was a prodigious crowd, till the hour of mass — As soon as the guards announced the king's approach, we all stood in a row. My father placed me between himself and Astucia ; he put Fernando on his right, in such a manner, that he extended a little beyond the line — When the King passed by, he looked particularly at your son, and made a sign to my father to approach him ; when I heard
distinctly

distinctly the following conversation :

“ Is he the secretary of legation ? ” said His Majesty. — “ Yes, Sire. ” — “ He is very young. ” — “ I shall instruct him. ”
“ Oh ! I can depend upon you, and the adventure at Buen Retiro, proves

* “ Q’aux ames bien nies

La valleur n’attend pas le nombre des annees.”

His Majesty spoke these last words in French, and proceeded as follows : “ One would not suppose from his appearance that he was so strong ; he looks rather melancholy ; he is sorry no doubt at parting with his friends ; his eyes and mouth are just like his father’s ; don’t you think so ? ” — “ Yes, sire ; he will have his

merit too, no doubt." "If you had not reason to hope so, you would not take him with you. But Don Pedro," continued he, "you are early, you have been at mass I suppose?" — "Yes, sire." — "Go then and wait for me at G——, where you will find a memorial, which you must read previous to its being presented to the treasury. — At what time did your young men get up?" "At nine o'clock." — "They have not heard mass then?" "No, Sire." — "Desire them to go into the chapel, and place themselves on the right in the gallery."

We accordingly observed this order, which was brought us by my father. The King viewed Fernando very attentively before he began prayers, and as soon

soon as mass was over, he arose and left the church, rather quicker than he was accustomed to do. When he entered the guard-room, a woman, who appeared to be between thirty-six and forty years of age, dressed in black, and a young lady who was likewise in black, and held a paper in her hand,; threw themselves at his feet. The King stooped to raise them up : he took the paper which was in the young person's hand, but no sooner had he cast his eyes upon it, than he gave it indignantly to the captain of the guard, exclaiming, "*No mercy, no mercy !*" at the same time making a motion with his left hand, as if to repulse the two suppliants, and continued to pass on.

We could not see this very distinctly on account of the crowd that surrounded us. It is but truth to say, madam, that at the court, whoever is known to be reproved by the monks is reproved by every one else. The young person finding herself so unfavourably received by His Majesty, could not forbear expressions of sorrow and despair, which, however, excited no one's compassion, but all, on the contrary, seemed desirous of shunning her. Fernando and myself, whether from motives of commiseration or curiosity, instead of retreating, advanced towards them; although Signor Astucia applied himself very vigorously to the skirts of our coats to force us to do like the rest. We observed
the

the young lady grow paler, and fall lifeless into the arms of her companion, who seemed scarcely able to support her. How can I describe our astonishment, madam, when on going close to them, we discovered this young person to be this same incognito, this same Josephine, whom Fernando has spoken to you so much about ; and that the lady who was with her was her aunt. We went to them as quickly as respect for the place we were in would permit us ; and Fernando said to Josephine in a low voice, and with more moderation than I supposed him capable of : “ Beautiful and unfortunate creature, is your condition then so very sad ? but Don Carlos and myself are still your friends ; since all forsake you, why

not put confidence in us?" Saying which, he assisted in carrying her near a window, which he opened himself without the least hesitation, that the air might recover her from her fainting. This made a noise that seemed a good deal to astonish all who were passing. At length an officer of the guards entered, and taking off his hat, told us with great politeness, that it was the King's pleasure we should retire. Josephine had just began to recover. Fernando, Astucia, and myself, reached the stair-case adjoining the room which we were in, but scarcely had we got down one step, when Fernando, supporting himself against my shoulder, said to me in a stifled voice, — " Ah, Don Carlos, what a rencontre, what a vision !"

Hold

Hold me up — I am not well — my strength fails me, — my sight grows dim.” and instantly fainted away. I left him to the care of Astucia, and ran to fetch a sedan-chair, in which we took him to my father’s. He was not recovered from his fit when we arrived. I had him laid upon a bed : his situation alarmed me greatly, but at length Heaven had compassion on us both, and crowned our endeavours in recovering him with success. — On coming to himself, he was seized with a vomiting, which seemed to relieve him greatly, and indeed to cure him entirely ; for as soon as the fit was over, he began to smile, and said to us, with that gaiety which was once so natural to him : “ Upon my word, this
purgation

purgation has relieved me exceedingly ; I wish to Heaven it was dinner-time, for I have a most voracious appetite.” — We offered him a little Cyprus wine, which he accepted, and in which he soaked a biscuit. “ Aye.” said he to us, when he had drank it, “ that is reviving enough, but not very substantial.” — “ But,” continued he, “ what has happened to me, do you know ? how comes it that I have slept so soundly ? it is true that I scarcely slept at all last night.” We told him that he had been taken ill in going down the castle stair-case. “ Then,” said he, “ out of evil cometh good, for I was never better in my life than I am now.” — “ Then,” said Astucia, “ Don’t you remember that on coming down the stair-case,” —

case," — "What stair-case are you talking about?" said Fernando; "I wish I may die if I remember a single thing that I have done to-day. But stop a moment. . . . I beg your pardon, I begin to think that I was at the King's mass to-day, was I not Don Carlos?" — "Certainly," answered I, "and I was with you." — "Well," replied he, "I declare that if you had not said so, I should have thought that I had only dreamt it." I observed with pleasure, from the cheerfulness of his conversation, that he had no recollection of what had passed relative to the two ladies: I took care not to remind him of it, and made signs to Astucia to use the same precaution, which he understood from me, but happened inadvertently to say; "I am quite distressed

tressed for this poor fellow, he will never be able to go, he must be too weak." — "What are you talking about weakness, Astucia?" exclaimed Fernando, "and you, Don Carlos, what do you mean by your signs? Weak am I, Astucia? Have you a mind to lay a wager with me ; will you run with me to the grand entrance of the castle, on condition that whichever of us is there last shall go without his dinner?— Be satisfied Don Carlos, continued he, I will go ; engagements made with a friend are sacred ; but do not deceive yourself, you are not at all obliged to me for it, my complying is only in my own defence that I keep my promise with you."

In the mean while my father came
into

into the room, and without looking once at Astucia or me, turned towards Fernando, and said to him, "How are you, Signor Texado? I was told when I came in that you had been very ill." — "Sir," answered Fernando, "so Astucia and Don Carlos say, and I must not contradict them; but I wish Signor Astucia to know, that if he is disposed to wager his dinner that he will out-run me, he will have to wait for it some time." My father smiled, for it was the first time he had ever observed Fernando so cheerfully inclined. He then desired me to follow him, and we left Fernando and Astucia together.

My father conducted me to the parlour, and after having given me my commission,

mission, and the instructions which I have had the honour to mention to you, he said to me: "Don Carlos, the horses are ready; I am going to take Fernando to the Escorial, and after seeing the minister for foreign affairs, we shall proceed from thence to our destination. Remain in this room till the carriage is gone away. It will do neither of you any good to distress yourselves by taking leave of each other. On occasions such as these we must act with resolution and fortitude." I could not forbear evincing the grief I felt at this separation from my father and friend; with both of whom I had spent all my life, upon which my father shrugged up his shoulders, exclaiming, "What childishness; we are not going

going to leave you for ever are we? Don Carlos," continued he, in a commanding tone, "I forbid you to follow me. I promise you that Fernando shall be as well off with me as yourself would; and so you may assure his family whenever you see them. Your mother will come to you here to-day or to-morrow; behave towards her as you have done towards me." As he said these words, he escaped from, rather than left me, and shut the door after him. I fell lifeless on a sofa. I neither complained nor wept; but this separation from my father and my friend agonized me beyond expression. At length I fell into a kind of deadly stupor; I don't know how long I remained in this state of insensibility; but I was at length

roused

roused from it by the sound of a carriage. Any one else in my place would have run, would have flown, but I, madam, strove to conceal my misery, even from myself; I flattered myself that some disappointment, that some fresh arrangement, that some omission, or, I know not what, would have happened to retard the journey. I went deliberately towards the window; my whole frame was convulsed, on finding that the carriage which had roused me from my lethargy was no other than my father's. I had no reason to doubt that he was in it, for I saw him look from the coach-window, towards that where I was standing, and wave his hand to Astucia who was standing at the door.

As soon as I lost sight of the carriage,

I felt

I felt as it were annihilated, and nature seemed wholly to have abandoned me ; I walked mournfully about the room ; I was buried in the most profound grief. At length, summoning all my fortitude, I began to be ashamed of having given myself up to such affliction, at an event which, after all, said I to myself, is both honourable and advantageous to my father, and promises a happy issue to my friend. Shall I confess it, madam, from this extreme of sadness I was transported to a kind of joy ; I derived a real consolation from the reflection that I was the only sufferer by this separation. I testified my gratitude to Heaven ; I fell upon my knees, and implored its blessings on their journey.

I was

I was in this attitude, my hands clasped together, and my eyes raised towards Heaven, when I was joined by Astucia, who stopped short on observing me, with his mouth wide open and his eyes fixed. I immediately got up, and forgetting the posture I had just been in, I cried out to him, "Where are they, Signor Astucia?" — "Where are they," he repeated; "whom do you mean? — Don Pedro and Fernando? — a pretty question truly; — They are gone, — they are gone!" — "What! and Fernando too?" — "He is gone I tell you." — "How could he have the resolution? — I should never have thought he could have determined, — that he could have had the courage to leave me so boldly." —

boldly." — " That's very good ; he is greatly to be pitied truly ; — I know some who envy his lot, and would be very glad to be in his place." — " What objections did he make to my father ? tell me, Signor Astucia." — " He made none at all ; as soon as Don Pedro left you, he came to us, and without any ceremony, said to Fernando ; We must be quick, Signor Fernando, the horses are ready, we must go ; so follow me, " — " But Signor," replied Fernando, " where is Don Carlos ? " — " I have forbidden him to see you," said Don Pedro ; " No, no, he must not see you." — " Can I," replied Fernando, " go without knowing Perhaps his condition, his health, at this dreadful moment "

He

“ He can always conform himself to the exigency of the times,” replied Don Pedro. — “ No reflections, no reflections, Signor Fernando; we shall have time enough for them when we are at Naples; so once more, let us make haste.” — So saying, Don Pedro went out, and Fernando followed him, with all the docility of a school-boy. — “ What, without saying a word?” — “ Without a word,” except when he was in the gallery, and then you must surely have heard him, he cried out, “ Don Carlos, Don Carlos! hear the voice of your Fernando; listen to the voice of your friend! farewell, farewell! love me always!” — “ Ah, yes, I will always love you better, much better, than myself,” exclaimed I, at
this

this period of Astucia's narration." —

It is fortunate, madam, that I did not hear your son's last words, for if I had, I doubt if I should have had the courage to obey my father's injunction. I again questioned Astucia: "Was Fernando much afflicted?" — "He seemed so, and truly I believe he would have been very glad to have pursued the love intrigue into which he had entered, a little further."

It must be confessed that this Josephine, who comes from nobody knows where, is very pretty; nay more, is a perfect beauty. Did you notice the whiteness of her skin, the roundness of her arm, the delicacy of her hand?" — "It is only in Spain that beauties like her are to be met with." — "That is not what

I asked you, Signor Astucia. I have but one question more ; Did Fernando take leave of his good papa ?” — “ Who ?” — “ Cascara.” — “ No, Don Pedro ordered all the servants whom he left behind to keep their rooms until he was gone.” — “ And did he leave no message for him then ?” — “ Before your father joined us, he expressed to me his astonishment at not having seen Cascara since the morning ; “ In case,’ added he, ‘ I should not see him before I go, I entreat you to tell him, that I leave my best wishes for him, and my nurse.’ — ‘ Permit me now, Don Carlos,’ continued Astucia, to ask you a question in my turn ; How do you find yourself after this scene ? — It is grievous to you to part with

with Fernando : I do not say that this loss, which, however, is but a temporary one, ought not in some degree to affect you ; but considering the name you bear, it certainly becomes you to enlarge your views, and form connections likely to promote you in the world. You are young ; what you were doing when I came in was altogether childish. — In the profession of arms, impulses like those must be suppressed. It is not for you, who are a Colonel, to be praying like a woman," — I thanked Astucia, and begged him to be assured, that I should never stand in need of his advice, nor that of any other person, on what was dear to my name, my birth, and my honour. — I told him, likewise, that I

should never form any connection which would become me better, nor be more dear to me in all respects, than that which I had the happiness to boast with your son.

This, madam, is an account of all that passed between us to the time of our separation. I am persuaded that you will pardon the length of this detail, which I have been induced to give you, in the conviction, that as it only concerned your son and myself, it could not fail to interest you. I beg the favour of you to communicate them, if you see no objection, to miss Isabella and miss Rosolia, to both of whom please to present my best respects.

I have obtained, with my father's consent,

sent, leave to return to my mother at the end of next month. It is probable that we shall pass the remainder of the summer in the country, but I shall endeavour, before I go there, to spend a short time at Madrid. I flatter myself your goodness will permit me to pay my respects to you every day during my stay there, as heretofore.

LETTER XVIII.

Don Juan Spinoletto to Jinego Astucia.

Aranjuez, 30 June, 17—

YOU consider yourself cunning, Signor Astucia, but I have found you to be a very fool. One of the Roman emperors made a senator of his horse: I certainly

was more foolish than that emperor in wishing to make you Secretary of Legation. How could you suffer another to be appointed to that post? Why did not you contrive to prevent this little Texado's taking it from you? If you could not succeed in an affair, in which you had so great a personal interest, how can I rely on your success in those where mine alone is concerned. The folly you have been guilty of in suffering the failure of a plan which I had taken such care to form, is altogether unpardonable. Strive however to make amends, by being more circumspect in future. Treat your pupil in the manner we agreed upon; you have no longer Don Pedro to controul you. Lead him into high life without loss of time:

time : teach him to drink, swear and fight. And above all, Astucia, let me hear no more of these *Texados*.

You may write to me at Aranjuez, I shall be there for some time yet. Do not be surprised at it. I have renounced the world and all its vanities ; I am a reformed man ; I have entirely changed my line of life ; I am doing penance. In the morning I employ my meditations before Venus.* By contemplating her voluptuous figure, I am enabled to form wise resolutions ; I fortify myself against all evil desires. At night I put in practice the resolutions of the morning ; I enter that enchanting room which you very properly call my oratory ; I begin my prayers in the window before the young nymphs who

* A superb marble stature exhibited at Aranjuez.

wash themselves in the Tagus: I take my tambour and castanetts, and sing their charms. They honour my favour with a smile, and invite me to a nearer invocation; I descend and join their band, and dance with them the *Fandango*. One of them is always pleased to grant my prayer and embellish my oratory with her presence, and thus my day ends in pleasing ecstasies.

Adieu, Astucia, if you would prefer my favour, be diligent to please me.

LETTER XIX.

Fernando Texado to Don Carlos de Massarena.

Naples, 1 July 17—.

ACCORDING to my promise, my dear and amiable friend, I now proceed
to

to give you an account of your father's behaviour towards myself. From Madrid to Naples, he only spoke to me in monosyllables: *Yes, — no, — perhaps, — I shall see, — I'll think of it, — good, — very true, — well thought on; — admirable.* — Such was your father's very interesting conversation all the way from Madrid to Naples: when we arrived here, he seemed to have forgotten me; he did not avoid me, but I observed if not an appearance of constraint, a kind of distraction in him, and his eyes said no more than his tongue. One morning he came into my room when I was writing; “To whom are you writing?” — “To my mother?” — “Very proper,” and went away. An hour after he came again, — “To whom

are you writing?"—"To one of my friends?"—"Very well, but leave off I beg; the King's business must be attended to; defer that till some other time."

I obeyed. A few days after he paid me another visit, at the same hour; I was writing again. "To whom are you writing?"—"To one of my friends?"—"You are the friend of all mankind"—and went away. An hour after he returned, I was still writing: "To whom are you writing?"—"To one of my friends?"—"How many friends have you then?"—"It is to the same, Signor?" It was in fact to Wanderghen I was writing the first time he did me the honour to visit me; and it was still to Wanderghen that I was writing this second time. Don

Pedro

Pedro appeared to be much displeased. "Signor Texado," said he to me in an authoritative tone, "you are employed in the service of your King, and not of every body whom you may choose to style your friends; I will not have these long epistles." The manner of Don Pedro's rebuke, and the sarcastic tone in which he pronounced the word *friends*, vexed me: I grew angry; the colour mounted in my face, and I answered boldly: "My epistles possibly may not please you, Signor, but I am not aware that you Excellency has any right to speak to me as he would to a"— "What! What would you say?"— "To a servant, Sir,"—"True," exclaimed Don Pedro, "this is shocking! What a notion! What a word did you
16 then

then let escape you, Signor Texado ; I am sorry it should ever have come out of your mouth. To me ! to me ! to one who has the honour to serve his Majesty. You distress me, Signor Texado, you misconceived my meaning. I wished to let you know that you are here placed in the service of the nation, and that is giving you clearly to understand that you no more belong to me than to any other person." So saying he hastened out of the room.

When I was alone, I considered word by word the answer I had made to him. I found it silly, misplaced, and insolent. I could not doubt but he was greatly offended. I recollected with what humble submission, with what profound respect, he was addressed by every one attached
to

to his suit. How can I suppose then, said I to myself, that his excellency will not be enraged that a little school-boy should dare to hold up his head, and speak to him in the manner I have done? Well, continued I, now Texado you are in disgrace; you must take a journey to Madrid, and go back to college. This misfortune is not so very great; though I lose the father, the son will still be mine, and I shall be near to my adorable Josephine; — there's nothing in all this to be sorry for; you have more reason to rejoice at it.

Don Pedro dined at home on that day; he did not speak to me all dinner-time, which, however, did not at all surprise me, as it was nothing uncommon. I could neither discern in his eyes nor his countenance

nance any expression of ill-humour. When we were taking coffee, he broke silence: "Signor Texado," said he, "shall you be at leasure by and bye."—"Perfectly so, Signor."—"Then will you allow me a quarter of an hour's conversation with you?"—"Signor, I am entirely at your disposal."—"Oblige me then by coming to me in my study, after the *siesta*;* you will find me alone."

You may easily conceive, that in the expectation of this conversation, I was not much disposed to sleep. My time was passed in sitting down, getting up again,

* *Siesta* is a Spanish word, signifying a short sleep, which the Spaniards always take after dinner during summer.

walking about, taking a book, returning it to its place, tuning my guitar, and thinking on you, Josephine, and my return to Spain. At length four o'clock struck through the house. There was no such thing as retreating. I went down stairs, and trembling entered your father's study. I found him seated in a chair with his legs crossed, his hat on, the *Gazette de la Cour* in one hand, and his head supported on the other. He neither moved, nor pulled off his hat, when I went in ; but laying the gazette upon the table, and pointing to a chair that stood opposite his own, he asked me to sit down.

This ceremony was quite unusual to him. Every time before when I had occasion to go to him, he got up, and both
of

of us stood during the whole time of our conversation. This change seemed to me to presage no good. I obeyed; I sat down, with my hat in my hand, waiting with impatient anxiety to hear what he had to say to me: he began thus.—“On quitting Madrid, I charged my son with a commission for you; I wish to know if he executed it.” Without allowing me time to answer him, having observed me putting my hat under my arm, he resumed: “You keep your hat off; you are in the right, for it is excessively hot to-day, and I can see no difference in that respect between the climate of Naples and Madrid; and indeed the latitude is just the same; but perhaps, on account of the sea, the mornings and evenings are cooler here than

than at Madrid." Then taking his hat off and wiping his face—"But to return, if you please, to the subject of our conversation."—"Signor," answered I, "unless you have the goodness to explain the nature of the commission you allude to, I cannot have the honor of satisfying your question."—"I charged him to give you some" I saw that he hesitated to pronounce the word *money*. I cannot express to you, my dear Carlos, how charming this delicacy appeared to me; it affected me beyond measure; I was almost tempted to run into his arms, as I would into yours, my dear friend, but I suppressed my feelings. I answered him, that Don Carlos had given me, by his desire, one hundred and fifty piastres.—

“And

“And what did he say to you when he gave them?” — “He told me, that you had promised to pay me four hundred and fifty annually.” — “Did he say nothing more?” — “He added, that I should receive the first quarter on my arrival at Naples.” — “Nothing else?” — “Nothing else.” — “Well then, that is not right. Either in the hurry and confusion inseparable from my departure, I explained myself imperfectly, or Don Carlos has given you a very incorrect account of what I said to him. I am no more bound to give you a salary than I am to allow Don Carlos one. You and myself have the honor to serve the king, and his majesty does not expect that we should serve him for nothing; there is an allowance attached to your place,

place as well as to my own. What I have now to give you then, you receive, Signor, from the liberality of the King only. He allows three hundred piastres to his secretaries of legation ; none of whom in the service of other nations receive so much ; and what is more, his majesty has been pleased, upon my taking the liberty to observe to him, that the family you belonged to was not rich, to grant to you particularly,—observe, to you particularly, fifty piastres more. You are therefore bound to serve the King well, by the duty of your place, by the pleasure you must experience in paying due attention to the affairs of such a master, and, above all, by the laws of gratitude. His intention and pleasure is, that nobody on this establishment

establishment accept, whether from a Spaniard or an alien, the value of a single obole ; that all papers requested by individuals of every nation shall be granted without fee or reward, as well as every service attached to the duties of the office : You will have an eye to this, and if the secretary, or any one else placed under your inspection, receive a single *marvedis*, you will acquaint me with it, and he shall be instantly dismissed."

"With respect to myself, Signor Texado, I am not rich ; my humble abode at Madrid, my *Casa d'el Prado*, and my estate *Monte Major*, do not amount altogether to eight thousand piastres a-year. The house at Madrid and the *Casa d'el Prado* were brought me by my wife, without her,

Don

Don Pedro de Massarena would have been but a very poor gentleman. It is true that Don Carlos will most probably be heir to his uncle, Don Juan de Spinoletto, who has considerable property in Arragon, Andalusia, the two Castilles, and both the Indies. This inheritance however is altogether dependant on future contingencies. Don Juan is capricious and extravagant; he may perhaps consume his wealth in dissipation. He has been twice married; both his wives are dead without having made him a father. He may possibly marry a third time, and be more fortunate; he is only fifty years old, and it is very natural for him to wish for an heir to his name and estate"

"If

“ If then the King should withdraw his favors from me, I should no longer be in a condition to cut a figure in the world. Add to which, that the new career which Don Carlos has commenced, is a heavy expence to me; he must have a house, servants, equipage, and table, all the time he is with his regiment. Still, however precarious my situation may be, I can never consent that you should want, I will not say the necessaries of life, but even such superfluities as may suffice to satisfy the whims and caprices natural to your age. Besides, as a servant of his Majesty, it becomes you to be jealous of your dignity, and not only to refuse with proper pride every present or reward that may be offered, but to shew also, when

when occasion requires, that the soul of a Spaniard is great, and that he ranks among the greatest virtues, disinterestedness and generosity. For these considerations, and in order to make up the four hundred and fifty piastres, promised you by my son, I add on my own account one hundred more. Regulate your affairs according to this sum, and be careful that your expences do not exceed it; if you do not use it with prudence and discretion, you will be the sufferer; for should we continue for the remainder of our lives, myself ambassador, and you secretary of legation, I shall add nothing more. This, Signor Texado, is an affair between you and me; it has no connection with my treasury, it only concerns myself."— So saying,

saying, he opened a drawer and took out a purse, which he placed on the table. "This then," added he, "is from the first of May, as it was in the month of May that we left Spain; so that on the first of next August, there will be as much due to you. Give me your receipt for the quarter of three hundred and fifty piastres; and make it for the same sum every quarter." I was quite lost; a thousand new ideas rushed upon me and filled my heart with sensations I had never known before. I was overwhelmed with gratitude, and could not find words to express it. At length I ventured to say, in a faltering voice, "But, Sir, if there is in this purse the fourth part of four hundred and fifty piastres. . . . "Yes, Yes, there is—well! what

what then?—"In that case, the receipt. . . ." "In that case, as in all others, the receipt must be as I require. I speak intelligibly. I wish it for the quarter of three hundred and fifty piastres, which is eighty-seven piastres and sixteen rials. Do, do as I bid you."—I dared not reply; I took a pen and a sheet of paper, and while Don Pedro resumed his perusal of the gazette, I was obliged to begin this unfortunate receipt no less than three times. I blowed my nose, I wiped my eyes, my tears effaced my writing. At length I finished it, and gave it to him. He read it, and shut it up in his drawer. I considered myself bound to express as well as I could, that I was not ungrateful; I made a grand effort, and at length found

courage to stammer out these words. "Signor, you subdue me." — "It is not my design." — "I mean, Sir, that you bind me" — "Nor to bind you." — "I mean, Sir, that my greatest aversion, my most ardent inclinations yield to....." — "Let us talk of something else," said he, interrupting me and rising from his chair. He then went towards the chimney, and shewing me two packets sealed up, he said, "Signor Fernando, you must order the horses to be put to the carriage, and take these two packets to their address. You will deliver them both on the part of the King our master ; you will cause them to draw up a verbal process of the papers you deliver, a copy of which you will procure and put in its proper place among our papers. These

These packets contain a description, which was given me at my departure from St. Ildephonso. I do not consider the precautions we adopt as very important ; for I cannot suppose this wretch will think of taking refuge in the dominions of a sovereign who bears the same name as ours: but they have this affair much at heart at the Escorial, and it is our business, therefore, to observe the greatest regularity.— Adieu, Signor Fernando,” continued Don Pedro; “I neither wish to subdue, nor bind you, nor to conquer your greatest aversions, nor your most ardent inclinations. Adieu, If you are not displeased with this interview, I shall request another of you in a few days, when I shall converse on matters which more par-

ticularly concern yourself." Seeing that Don Pedro had no more to say, I made him a very low bow, and I dare say a very awkward one. I cast my eyes on the purse with the piastres; but I was too much ashamed to lay my hand upon it, and went away, as if I had forgotten it. I had not gone far, before he called me back. "As I have the receipt," said he, "it is fit that you should have the money. Take the purse, it is not necessary to send it to you by a servant."—I coloured up; I took the purse with a trembling hand, and making another bow, still more awkward than the former, I retired in good earnest. I went up into my own room; I shut up my treasure in my secretary. I went down, got into one of his excellency's

lency's elegant carriages, and set off to fulfil my mission, not with the timidity of a student, but with the dignity of an envoy from his Catholic Majesty. You would have laughed, Don Carlos, had you but heard the noble gravity with which I sounded the words,—*the King, my master.*

I obtained a copy of the verbal process, which I caused to be drawn up. I returned home, [placed it among my papers without stopping to read it, and throwing myself into a chair, I fell into the deepest reflection. I will not tire you with all the different ideas that entered my head; some were very silly, and some tolerably rational. The result was, that I was convinced that you and Don Pedro perfectly

understood each other; that you were two subtle dealers, who thought you had discovered the secret to bind me to fortune's car, a car which I feel no disposition to ride in unless Josephine rides with me. She must be mine, my dear friend, she must be mine. Deprived of her, all that is most valuable to man, is lost to me, but blessed with her, a hut, a desert will suffice to content me.

Shall I deal freely with you, Don Carlos? My prejudices against Don Pedro have assumed their former force. I am not ungrateful; but I will never be a slave; I will not suffer any one to meddle in my affairs but myself. He cannot play his part so well, but I can see most clearly, that he knows as well as I do my sentiments

ments and designs respecting Josephine ; and I would lay a wager, that this second interview, which has not yet taken place, will be all on that subject. He wishes to make me happy: there is but one way then, which is, to assist me in surmounting every obstacle that stands between me and Josephine ; to strive with me to throw aside the veil by which this celestial Incognita is obscured. Observe too, that the monosyllables, the significant nods, all these signs, all these little ways by which the great ones evince to their inferiors their desire to protect them, are all resumed. Then comes Balbuena's adventure, and that adventure is of a nature so foreign to my heart, that it almost revolts at it. He may say what he pleases, but

he does wish to subdue to bind me ; and I will neither be subdued, nor bound, nor protected even.

Le sort en est jette, je pais, chu Théramine ; but not immediately. I shall wait this second meeting, and that once passed, I free myself from bondage. I approach my Josephine ; to breathe the air which Josephine breathes will alone make me happy.

What do you think of me, good Don Carlos? I torment, I distress you. When I think of you, my senses become calm, my blood cools, and my heart is as tranquil as your own ; but when I think on Josephine, my heart beats violently, my head is disordered, I am in a fever, in a delirium. Friendship alone then has not
the

the power to make us happy. Why did this tumultuous passion ever invade my heart? But say, was it possible for your friend to resist the charms of Josephine? Say, is there under heaven beauty half so perfect? Is it possible for me to forget such an assemblage of perfections?

Farewell, pity me, and continue to love me as you have always done.

LETTER XX.

Marie Figuera Texado to Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 1 July, 17—

I Have often told you, my son, that you do not want for understanding, but that you have a parcel of romantic notions,

which alarm me greatly for your future wellfare. Since you do not know yet how to conduct yourself, why do not you submit to be guided by those of more experience than yourself, and who do all for your good. Be prudent and rational. Your poor father, who was a man of uncommon merit, but who was unfortunately too negligent in his affairs, and particularly in the establishment of his children, died, as you know, without a fortune. Ought not you then to consider yourself extremely happy, in having the advantage of Don Carlos's friendship, and particularly so in holding the situation he has procured for you? What could you have done here but have been a burthen to me? I wonder you are not ashamed to speak to
me

me again of your Josephine, whom nobody knows: But she shall be known; Wanderghen has promised me to discover who and what she is, and you will then find that she's nobody at all. And if she should prove to be a girl well brought up, and in good circumstances, as you suppose, what do you intend doing? You were twenty-two years old the eighteenth of last May; ought you at your age, without fortune or expectations, to think of an establishment? Follow Signor Wanderghen's example; he is past his twenty-fifth year, and is sought after by several very creditable families; and still he does not think of marrying; he wishes, he says, before he thinks of it, to acquire rank and consequence in the world, and

every prudent person must be of the same opinion. Remain as you are then, and let me hear no more of Josephine. Make a good use of Don Pedro's kindness towards you, and remember that if you should ever lose your place, I can do nothing for you. Isabella is now in her twentieth year, and it is time I should think of settling her in the world. Rosolia, it is true, intends becoming a nun; but she will be obliged to pay her entrance; and the affair cannot be delayed much longer, as she is now above sixteen, and is pressed to take the veil. You see then, that the expences to which I shall be put, in providing for your two sisters, will put it entirely out of my power to assist you
in.

in any scheme you may form, should you give up your place.

I wish you health, my son, and hope you will mind all that I have now said to you. Isabella writes to you by this post. I have not seen Rosolia since she went back to the convent. When people renounce the world, they should not desire to go abroad.

LETTER XXI.

Isabella Texado to Fernando Texado.

Madrid, 2 July, 17—

MY mother having given me leave to write to you, my dear brother, I profit of her permission to tell you, that I have nothing to add to the good advice she has given

given you. She forbids you to mention Josephine, and you are too well acquainted with your duty to your mother, not to obey. She forbids you, likewise, to write to Rosolia, as your letters would only make her neglect the duties of her convent.

Signor Wanderghen comes to see us sometimes; but Don Carlos has never been since your departure. You are indeed very fortunate, in having a friend like him; he is an accomplished gentleman; and every body who knows his love for you, is of opinion, that you should do all in your power to keep in his good graces.

They say that silk-stuffs are very handsome, at Naples; choose one to your own liking;

liking ; you may send me seven ells, and enough to make a sash ; it must be a very long one ; they wear them here down to the ground ; send it to me by the first safe conveyance you meet with. I am working a pair of ruffles for you.

LETTER XXII.

*Solomon Wanderghen to Fernando
Texado.*

Madrid, 4 June, 17—

HEALTH and respect to His Majesty's secretary of legation. — There you are, my friend, on the high-road to wealth and honours ; never look behind you, and be assured I give you good advice.— In love, in war, at chess, in politics, in every

every thing you must get forward, and never think of retreating.

This account of your departure, which I have yet only received in part, owing to the delay of the post ; did not at all surprise me. They wanted to drive you away from Josephine ; and that was the sole design of the intrigue. Your docility in suffering you to be led over mountains and seas by Don Carlos, is the most extraordinary part of the story ; but it did not astonish me more than the rest. I know your readiness to humour Don Carlos ; he has much more influence with you than I ever had ; but we shall see which of us both will serve you best. — You want Josephine, — very well ; she shall be yours — If chance will not serve my turn,
intrigue

intrigue shall; we will carry the town. The batteries are mounted already. Sancha knows both the aunt and the niece, as well as I know you. He keeps it a secret from me as well as yourself; but I will contrive to get to the bottom of it. He keeps a shopman called Ambrose, who is just the man we want. This rascal knows, as well as Sancha, where these ladies live; and if one won't tell, the other shall. Since this Ambrose has had the handling of books; since he has been in the habit of taking out four or five parcels in a day, he has taken it into his head that he can write books himself. He is determined to become an author at any rate;—he sits up all night scribbling both prose and verse, and as soon as I appear

appear in the shop, he runs up to me, takes me aside, and reads his nocturnal labours to me. I don't laugh at them as you may suppose ; that would not suit our purpose. On the contrary, I encourage him, I flatter him, I praise him : and, in short, I manage him so well, that I am in full possession of his confidence. I am become his Mentor, his Oracle, his Apollo,.

The silly fellow is now about a comedy, with a great deal of character in it, he says, and in three days*. I furnished him with a subject for it, drew up the plot for him, planned the intrigue, fixed the denouement, and settled the num-

* The Spanish authors divide their drama's into days, instead of acts.

ber of scenes, so that he has only the dialogue to write. Transported with admiration of this performance, as if it was the offspring of his own brain, he told me in the fullness of his gratitude, that if I would put his piece in a condition to be accepted by the players, he would do any thing for me I required."

On this depends all my hopes; and when we once get Josephine's address, we shall have no difficulty in securing her person. The absence of Sancha, who is gone to Andalusia on business, gives me the most favourable opportunities of getting into Ambrose's confidence.

I have questioned Sancha several times about Josephine; I told him, that his accost-
ing

ing her in your presence was a proof that he knew her, and that his persisting in his refusal to tell us who she was, and where she lived, was very offensive to us, inasmuch as it shewed that he supposed us capable of designs unbecoming our character. He persisted however in keeping it a secret, upon which I fell into a passion, and tried the effect of a few oaths and curses. He grew angry in his turn, was extremely insolent, and told me to mind my own business; that he had no right to give me any account of other people's, and that he certainly would not. I replied, that it was a very important part of my business to discover Josephine; that his obstinacy in evading the questions I asked about her, concealed a mystery, which,

which, if only to gratify my curiosity, I would absolutely clear up; and that since he oblige me, I would find means, in spite of him and all that he could do, to find out Josephine; that whether she would or no, she should go where I chose to take her, and that he knew well enough I was no novice in the management of affairs by far more difficult and intricate than that.

“Very well, sir,” said he to me; “since this is the conduct you pursue, please to take back all your manuscripts; *your philosophical observations upon governments; your new system of military tactics*: I will have no further dealings with you; I shall be less exposed to the displeasure of the Inquisition; and I beg that you will never set your foot in my house again.”

“You

“ You talk nonsense,” replied I, “ your shop is a place of public resort ; people come in here, as they would go into a theatre, or a coffee-house, or billiard-room ; I used only to come for a short time in the evening, but now I will come both morning and night ; I’ll never fail.”

I have been as good as my word, I have even kept from the country for above a week, that I might not miss visiting his shop morning and night. Not being able, however, to succeed with him, I have had recourse to his shopman. Ambrose is mine. — I admit him in all my parties of pleasure, when he has time to attend them. I have introduced him to the principal actors : he even plays the
gallant

gallant with little Setteniila, and thinks himself very forward in the good graces of the grave Antexageros. Yesterday I invited him to a collation; Antexageros and Setteniila, were of the party. He is quite a glutton. He could not be content with fruit and sherbet; he must have wines and liquors; there were some of all sorts, and he drank of them immoderately. *In vino veritas*. I pressed him with questions, and he at length confessed that he was in all Sancha's secrets, and that he knew as much if not more than he did, about Josephine and her aunt; but those were things that his probity would not suffer him to reveal; *probity* is his favourite word, he does not utter a single phrase, but he contrives to bring it in. I changed

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ed the conversation, and we talked about plays. Ambrose talked of his; he took his manuscript out of his pocket, and read the out-line which I had made for him; as if it had been all his own performance.

Notwithstanding he read it in a miserable stile, Antexageros was quite taken with it, and said that if I would promise to revise it, he was sure that, upon my recommendation, his comrades would not hesitate to accept it. When the collation was over, Ambrose, quite elated with the reputation he was about to acquire, declared, that if I would put a finishing hand to his drama, and recommend it to the players, he would be mine as long as he lived, and would do all that I required

required him; and that I might rely upon his *probity*. You see then, my friend, that the affair is in train, and that I am not regardless of your interest. You may be perfectly easy about the consequences; it shall be done quietly, and every thing shall succeed to your wishes. But, if I serve you, you must serve me in your turn; friendship is a commerce where every one should do his best. The business is this, I quit the toga for the helmet; this intention of mine will no doubt astonish you at first, but I have given it mature deliberation; and am determined not to depart from it. Envy has procured my father a bad name, and the merry part of the mob have fastened a rascally nick-name upon him; I must use my en-

deavours to avoid a share in the odium attached to him.

To this end two causes naturally present themselves to my view ; the bar, and the belles lettres. The bar does not please me. Our modern rostrum does not afford sufficient scope to make a brilliant figure ; and for one man who attains any eminence in it, and maintains his post with glory all his life, like your father, there are one hundred who fall amidst the hisses of ignorance and malice, or remain altogether in obscurity. Besides, my exterior is by no means prepossessing, and my voice, which is inclined to be hoarse, would not operate much to my advantage. I must therefore be content to advise in the silent gloom of the closet,
and

and to go through the drudgery of college; to be involved in that of my own study, with the chance of waiting whole years, perhaps, for a cause in which I might distinguish myself, is not worth my while; this is by far too slow and precarious a way of becoming a man of note. I might, if it true, purchase a Judge's place, but what is that good for? A court of judicature is a mere hole, where one is doomed to pass one's life with none but pleaders, alcades, corregidors, alguazils, and executioners. This is very sorry company, and then how is it possible in this same hole to attract the notice of those who distribute the rewards, the honourable distinctions, so necessary to raise oneself above the vulgar?

Next comes the literary career. I believe without vanity that I could acquire some glory in this, and I know nobody who follows it who has more extensive knowledge or well digested thoughts than myself. But what is it now-a-days to be a man of letters? Jealousy is always pointing its shafts at you; a single indiscretion may silence you for ever; a newspaper writer may cry you down, or an epigram may cause you to be hooted by all the blackguards in the street; without considering that the Inquisition is not always very favourably disposed towards the effusions of genius. The profession of authorship, when that is followed alone, is attended with too much danger, and too little profit; besides which, it gives a
kind

kind of pedantic stiffness to your manners, which renders you less respected in company than a sub-lieutenant. It should only be a secondary calling ; and should always be united to some more substantial profession. When a man who has acquired consequence before-hand, either from his fortune, or the character he sustains in the world, publishes a pamphlet, it is read with attention, the reviewers commend it, and ask his patronage ; men of letters are his equals no longer, they all sink below him, they run after him, they extol him ; and all the doors of the academies fly open at the sound of his voice.

Such, my friend, are my reflections on these subjects ; and the result is a

thorough conviction that I must begin by the course of arms to exalt myself to the height I aspire to. In a government like this it is a brilliant career, and one from which, with a little address, and the superior knowledge I possess of military tactics, every thing may be expected. The execution of my scheme depends entirely upon you ; Don Carlos must procure me a lieutenancy in his regiment : I do not ask for that in the grenadier company, although I know it is still vacant ; for I confess I do not think it proper that a man of small stature should have the command over men of so much better appearance. But Astucia, to whom I have imparted my design, has just written me word, that in two month's time the lieutenancy

nancy of the first company of fuzileers will be vacant, as the officer who now holds it will then be appointed to a company of dragoons. This, my friend, is what I wish for, you must ask it for me of Don Carlos: write to him about it immediately. The request will come better from you than from me; I am not sufficiently intimate with him; I have never seen him, but with you; and the reserve, the coolness, and I had almost said, apathy of his temper, have always prevented me from becoming more nearly acquainted with him. Astucia and myself are both of opinion, that the request should come from you, and that you should be the sole agent in the affair. Exert yourself accordingly. You shall

obtain this lieutenancy for me, and I will secure to you, my friend, all that your ardent love can wish for. *Vale.*

LETTER XXIII.

Moses Wanderghen to Solomon Wanderghen.

Buen Retiro, 1 July, 17—

THE project you wrote to me about the other day, is the most judicious, and well-timed, you could have thought of, and I will assist you in it with all my heart. Yes, my friend, you must get this lieutenancy. The hat, the feather, the cockade, the uniform coat, and flaming sword, will make you look like the son of the greatest grandee in all Spain. Make haste;

haste; as soon as ever you get your commission, I will give up business. I am at this moment bargaining for the Rio Bella estate, which is in the Estramadura, and has the title of Marquisato. I will retire there and live on my fortune, like an old nobleman who has left the court. We shall take the name of the estate, so that we shall be Moses and Soloman Wanderghen no longer. Who will think of enquiring whether I am circumcised or not, or whither I come from Holland or Monomotapa? I shall be taken for an old Christian, and you,..... you shall take the title of Marquis. Write immediately then, (if you have not already,) to little Texado to settle the affair as quick as possible. You know it

would be very unpleasant to be obliged to give up the estate if you should not succeed; therefore I have asked for six weeks to conclude the bargain. If young Texado uses you well, he will answer your letter in less time than that. In the mean while you must go to look at the estate, and give me an account of it. I cannot go myself, my absence from home would hurt me, and it is proper that I should attend to my business till every thing is settled. You will succeed, my boy, and I will take care you shall cut a good figure in your regiment. You shall have a valet de chambre with a sword by his side, a footman, a postillion, a calash, two fine horses, and two Andalusian mules.

I tell

I tell you again, as I have told you one hundred times before, that I know nothing about Josephine nor her aunt ; they neither gave me their name nor address, but were content with mine, telling me that they would redeem the pledges within the time, and that if I should happen to leave Madrid or Buen Retiro before they had taken them out, they would be obliged by my leaving my address with Signor Sancha, bookseller, Place Major. They did not appear to me to be women of any consequence ; they did not haggle at all, but were very eager to get their money. It is a question with me if these goods really belong to them, but that is of no great consequence ; I shall be no loser if they should not be taken out in time.

Several of these things have arms engraved on them, and there are some with only a cypher. Neither you nor I are very learned in heraldry, and if we were, what good would it do us to know to what family the arms belong? The only circumstance that is in my opinion singular, is, that some time before the ladies came to me, a fellow named Ambrose, whom I know nothing at all of, brought a silver cup, and twelve silver plates, and a gold watch, with a gold chain to it; and on comparing the arms on the plates with those upon the articles brought by the ladies, I find they are exactly the same, and the cypher with the seal that hangs to the watch-chain, is the same as that engraved on some of the ladies' jewels. I
advanced

advanced Ambrose little enough on the things he brought me, and he has not been for them yet. This is all that I can tell you about these people.

Adieu, Solomon; adieu, Marquis de Rio Bello, lieutenant of Infantry!—I cannot help thinking of it.

Pay attention to Don Carlos, his father is in great favour, and you have too much sense not to know that it is prudent to keep well with great men; there is always something to be made by them. Do not neglect Astucia either; I understand he is a favourite of Don Juan de Spinoletto, a Grandee of the first class, rich and prodigal. We are now in a fair way to be great and happy. From lieutenant you may be made captain; from captain, colonel;

lonel; from colonel, a general officer; from general officer, perhaps minister; from minister, viceroy perhaps! and from But I am going rather too far; no matter, you must do all you can to get the lieutenancy.

LETTER XXIV.

Figuera Texada to Rosolia Texado.

2 July, 17—

YOUR sister brings you a letter which Don Carlos did me the honour to write to me, dated 30th of last June, and which he wishes you to see. As soon as you have read it, copy it legibly; you have more time for writing than your sister; and when you choose to take pains, you

you write a very good hand. Your sister will call for the original and copy at five o'clock this afternoon. You understand, Rosolia, you must not be idle, it must be finished by five o'clock, as I write to Naples by to-morrow's post, and I have particular reasons for wishing to send this letter to Don Pedro de Massarena. I shall keep the original, and send him your copy. Take care always to keep in mind the nature of your situation; you ought to consider yourself very happy in being called to a religious life; the world is full of cares, and there is no possibility of escaping them. Think for instance on the trouble and vexation your brother has given me with the mad notions that he has got into his head, and which would
certainly

certainly have been his ruin if *Dōn Pedro de Massarena* had not taken him with him. As your entrance-money is now ready, as soon as your time of probation is, you may be made a novice, and when you are once made one, if you should change your mind, and wish to return to the world again, you would be thought inconstant and capricious, and such an opinion would do you serious injury : this is no trifling matter, depend upon it. Pay attention to your duties, and rely on the affection of your mother.

LETTER

LETTER XXV.

*Rosolia Texado to Figuera Texada, her
Mother.*

I RETURN you my best thanks, my dear mother for your goodness in letting me read Don Carlos's letter: I have copied it as well as I could, although I had very little time, and it was very long; but notwithstanding its length I found it extremely interesting. Don Carlos's friendship for my dear brother has caused me to shed tears; how happy are they to love one another as they do? Heaven will pour down its blessing upon them both. My brother's goodness, and his generous way of thinking, do not admit of my blaming him in any thing. You disapprove,

prove, dear mother, of his passion for miss Josephine. I have not the pleasure of knowing her, and therefore can say nothing of her. It becomes Fernando and myself to attend to your opinion on this subject: for my own part, if she is likely to make my brother unhappy, I should wish him to give her up; but I am sure she must certainly possess some very uncommon attractions, or Fernando could never love her so ardently.

The time of probation, dearest mother, conformably to the custom of this community, is two months. In order to please you and my sister Isabella I would fain have had the term abridged, but the Superior told me that she could not introduce a new rule on my account, so that I cannot
enter

enter upon my noviciate till the first of next September. In the mean time I shall devote my whole attention to preparing for it, and the joy I shall experience in renouncing the world, will be greatly increased, if by making this sacrifice I in the least contribute to promote that comfort and happiness which that you may live long in the enjoyment of, is the constant and most ardent wish of your affectionate and very dutiful daughter.

LETTER XXVI.

*Don Carlos de Massarena to Don Pedro,
his father.*

Anduxar, 1 July, 17—.

I HAVE scrupulously conformed myself, my dear and ever honoured father,
to

to all the directions which you gave me on quitting St. Ildephonso. I have nothing particular to communicate, except that the lieutenancy of the grenadier company is just become vacant. My uncle, Spinoletto, has proposed a person to supply the place, and Astucia joins him in the request; but it is, in my opinion, by far more proper to attend, as is the custom in all his Majesty's troops, to the length of service. It is the established rule of the regiment, and I do not conceive that it would become me to introduce an innovation in so essential a point. I could not, without committing a manifest injustice refuse it to the second-lieutenant, who is a very good officer. He shall be promoted, therefore, to the rank of first-lieutenant.

lieutenant. As for the second lieutenancy, however greatly I may be disposed to oblige my uncle and Astucia, I shall not dispose of it without knowing your wishes on the subject.

In about two months, the lieutenancy of fusileers will, I believe, likewise be vacated. I have already had several applications for it; but I shall determine nothing till I have received your orders.

I was well assured that Fernando's conduct would fully answer the account I took the liberty to give you of him whenever you permitted me. I shall seize most earnestly every opportunity that may offer to make him as happy as I wish him to be.

Thanks to the kindness which I daily
receive

receive from you, my dear and honoured father, I need nothing to render me perfectly satisfied, but the ability to reconcile with that submission which I must ever pay to your advice, the requests of which my uncle and Astucia have pressed upon me in a thousand various ways. My happiness will be complete when I have your permission to approach the best of fathers and the best of friends.

LETTER XXVII.

Figuera Texada to Don Pedro de Masarena.

Madrid, 3 July, 17--

THE obliging terms in which you are pleased to speak of my late husband,
and

and the interest you take in young Fernando, do me infinite honour, and afford me the greatest consolation. He has a very good heart, and your excellency may rest assured, that he will one day be fully sensible of the obligations he owes to a gentleman of your rank and merit.

I respectfully take the liberty to annex the copy of a letter which your son did me the honour to write to me from Anduxar, by which you will see that this Josephine, of whom Fernando talks so much, is not altogether celestial, but, on the contrary, that there must be very serious objections to her.

I throw myself at your excellency's feet, and entreat that you will not permit my son to indulge this weakness any more.

If

If he were to entertain the most distant hope on this score, he would, no doubt, return here immediately, and it would never be in my power to give him any thing like an equivalent for the loss he would sustain by so doing.

LETTER XXVIII.

Donna Spinoletta de Massarena, to Don Pedro de Massarena.

Madrid, 3 July, 17---

YOU may chide as much as you please, Signor, but I shall always persist in telling you, that you are insensible to your own dignity and consequence, and that you suffer Don Carlos to disgrace himself by the company he keeps, when
he

he possesses every qualification that can be required for the first societies in this country. Your jests upon my brother take neither from his birth nor his wealth; he is descended from no less a person than an Admiral, notwithstanding all the sarcasms in which you are pleased to indulge at his expence. He may, perhaps, have some ridiculous points in his character, but he has no important failings, like yours, in suffering yourself to be led away, as you are, by all these Texados. I admit the services done you by the father; but when a debt is once paid, there is surely nothing owing; and such is the case with respect to the Texados. You will see that these people will involve you in some ridiculous affair that will

expose your folly to the world. The mother is a citess, with a gruff voice ; the eldest daughter always looks wild, and opens her great mouth without having a word to say. The little one is pretty, but she is perfectly right in turning nun, for she seems to me fit for nothing but to recite her pater-noster. The young man, whom you persisted in taking with you, has good teeth, and a pleasant smile : he carries himself with tolerable grace, and talks well enough for a citizen. I should have had no objection to his being attached to your service ; but he is a little coxcomb, who, through his engaging manners has completely bewitched Don Carlos's mind, and I shall never forgive him for it all my life. You might have
made

made a page of him ; but a secretary of legation !—o fie !

I have at this moment a dreadful headache, caused by my writing you such a long letter. You must not expect those favours often, for whenever I touch a pen my vapours return. Farewell, Signor ! notwithstanding our little altercations, I am, and ever shall be, desirous of pleasing you.

LETTER XXIX.

*Laurenzo Cascara to Don Pedro de Mas-
sarena.*

Anduxar, 1 July, 17—

I SHALL now endeavour to obey your orders by giving you a correct and

particular account of the life your son has led since I have had the honour to serve him. He passes the whole day either in study, parade, skirmishing parties, or in inspecting the barracks. The morning before yesterday, when I was dressing him, I took the liberty of saying, that this sort of life would hurt him, and that he ought now and then to take some diversion: "You are right, Cascara," he replied, "your advice is very good." "Very well; I have nothing particular to do to-day; so suppose we make a holiday of it." "What shall we do." "Will you go to the theatre to-night, sir; there was a new company came yesterday." "Fine diversion, truly, to be shut up in a play-house, listening to a parcel of rhapsodies, and

and beholding the hideous grimaces of the *Tridallus* ! besides, what are we to do till the evening ?” “ There is a bull-feast to-day, sir ; would you like to see that ?” “ The devil take all the bull-baiters in the world ! What an infamous pastime ! to see a fine animal, and one of the most serviceable to mankind, to see this poor beast, with his mouth gagged, a muzzle on his nostrils, disabled either from seeing or defending himself, shed all his blood under the blows of these rascally bull-baiters, who look as ugly and ferocious as so many dæmons !” “ You have no fancy for any thing, then, sir ?” “ Why, to tell you the truth, I am not so fond of amusements now as I used to be, when I was with the friend who calls you his

good papa. I have a fixed melancholy in my heart, which I cannot get the better of ; but I'll tell you a party that I should like: The day is exceeding fine, so let us enjoy at once the beauty of the sky, the land, and the water. These are the parties, too, that Texado likes, and he is certainly right ; for what can be a greater luxury to a person who possesses sensibility, and fortitude, than to contemplate the magnificent grandeur of the works of his Creator. Mind, then, my good Cascara, let us embark upon the Guadalquivir, and we will go as far as our time will admit. Go and get every thing ready, and mind you contrive something to keep the sun from us ; take plenty of provisions, and some bottles of
wine,

wine, for mariners you know must eat and drink heartily. You must let Astucia know, that he may get up and join us." I accordingly went to call Signor Astucia, who was yet asleep. When he came to my master's room, he asked what he was wanted for? "To take a little excursion," replied Don Carlos, "if you have no objection." "I am so tired with all the business I have had lately, that I really want to relax a little: and where are you going?" "Upon the water; we are going to have a rowing-match." "Shall you be gone long?" "We shall see; that will depend upon circumstances; we have nothing better to do. Come, Astucia, be a little complaisant; let us have a holiday for once; it does not

M 4

happen

happen so often.” “My sole study from morning till night is to prove to you how anxious I am to please you ; but your excursions, when you once set out upon them, become absolute voyages. And poor Cascara, with his asthma——” “Ay, but this is not a pedestrian excursion. Do not you see, on the contrary, that the motion of the boat, and the refreshing coolness of the water, will do him good?” “My asthma,” said I, “need not prevent the excursion ; and I would go to the antipodes with pleasure, if my master wished it.

At length we embarked ; and, as Signor Astucia guessed, we went on from place to place till we got at last to Seville. “Oh !” said my master, “since we are
at

at Seville, we must not think of returning without looking at the town : I have never seen it ; and they say that it is the finest in all Spain next to Madrid. They talk a great deal of the Exchange too ; let us go there now.” We accordingly went. My master spoke of all the fine things there as if he had had an account of them in a book ; and explained them to Signor Astucia, who listened to him, and sniggered all the time. As soon as we had left the place, and got into the great square, we saw a gentleman coming up to us, whom I recognised for Signor Sancha, the bookseller. He accosted my master very respectfully, who said to him, “ Good day, Signor Sancha ; put your hat on, the sun will scorch you ;

chests of books." "Well! and what's the news from Madrid? I mean, what news of Miss Josephine?" "I have nothing to say to that question, Signor. Hear me, Signor Sancha; I tell you once more, that when I said I had designs upon Josephine, I meant none but what honour and propriety would warrant." "You are not capable of entertaining any other, Signor. And what is more, I am very far from censuring the silence you observe about Miss Josephine and her aunt. If the situation of these unfortunate people be a secret entrusted to you, you would doubtless be very blameable to reveal it to any body; and you do me an injustice if you suppose me capable of thinking otherwise." "Alas! Signor Sancha, I

know already much more than I desire about these ladies. I am very sorry, on my dear Texado's account : I was in hopes that I could have established his happiness, but I must now give up the idea ; it is become perfectly impracticable, and I must think of it no more : I have not the heart to write to him. This dreadful certainty overwhelms me with sorrow ; it fills my heart with grief that——that preys upon me, and consumes me.” “ Indeed, Signor, you are a good deal altered, you have not half your accustomed colour, and you are grown much thinner. Ay, that is owing to the fatigue I have undergone lately ; I shall recover all that in a little time, for one must continue to bear the misfortunes that are without a remedy :

What

What do you think?—And how is Signor Wanderghen?" "Oh! he is a good-for-nothing fellow." "What! you are affronted with him, then?" "I cannot be more so, sir, with greater reason." "Shall you be long at Cadiz?" "As short a time as my business will permit." "We shall meet again at Madrid, I suppose? When you have any interesting work, upon war or politics, you may bring it me; you will let me come to you now and then, to look at the newspapers, and the new pamphlets." "You will always find me anxious to merit your favour, Signor, but I must take the liberty to request that there may be no more said about those ladies. As for Signor Wanderghen,

derghen, he is altogether unworthy the esteem of a gentleman like you."

After this conversation, my master and Signor Sancha parted, and we pursued our walk; Signor Astucia declaring all the time, that Sancha was as ugly as a caterpillar, and as proud as a peacock; that notwithstanding all his learning, he was not wise enough to judge of Wanderghen's merit, which was very considerable, and would, before long, bring him into notice.

This, Signor, is all that I have been able to discover respecting Miss Josephine. With respect to the manner in which the officers behave to your son, it appears to me to be the same here as every where else. Some
say

say a deal of good of him, and others seem vexed that they cannot find fault with him. I beg leave to give you an instance of this. I happened to be taking sherbet a few days ago at the Coffee-house Royal, with Coxon, who is valet-de-chambre to the captain of the grenadier company, when Coxon said to me, "Your master is a fine gentleman every body allows; but the question is, if he is as brave as he is handsome." "Brave!" answered I, "ay, as the blade of his sword." "That is what they want to know," said he, "and I know somebody who intends to try him." "That somebody is an impertinent coxcomb," replied I, "and it would serve him right if my master were to blow his

his brains out.”—I told my master what had passed, but he only laughed at it.

With respect to the soldiers, I believe he is much more beloved than feared by them. He often receives letters from his uncle, Don Juan de Spinoletto, which are always given him by Signor Astucia. Although he never says any thing when he reads them, I have some reason to think that they do not all please him.

I have only now, Signor, to beg the continuation of your bounty, and to request your excellency will tell Signor Fernando, that his good papa takes the liberty of enquiring after him, and that his wife remains always his good mama.

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

Don Carlos de Massarena to Fernando Texado.

Anduxar, 6 July, 17—

YOU have, no doubt, written to me two or three times, my dear friend, but I have not yet received one of your letters, and I am not much surprised at it, we are at such a distance from one another. What could be done, Fernando? Heaven and my father would have it so. Could we oppose this joint decree? Could we knock our heads against the wall? No; it is better as it is. I have no fear that the letters you have written are lost, although they have not reached me yet.

I suppose

I suppose you directed them to Madrid ; do so always ; they will be punctually forwarded to me wherever I may be.

It grieves me beyond expression to be obliged to tell you, my dear Fernando, that notwithstanding the ardent desire I feel to try every means to succeed in an affair that you have so much at heart, I find myself obliged to give up the service. I cannot proceed a single step without offending the decency and respect due to persons who are already too unhappy. They wish to remain unknown : have they not a right to be so ? Or have we any to interrupt or disturb them in the enjoyment of that obscurity, which is, perhaps, the only comfort their hard fate has left them. Every endeavour to de-
prive

prive them of it would be an act of tyranny and the basest cruelty ; I should think on myself with abhorrence if I were capable of it. I am not disposed to speculate upon the motives which induce them to conceal themselves so carefully, but I am very much afraid, my friend, that all your hopes are at an end : I am very much afraid that there are some insurmountable obstacles which will always prevent Josephine from marrying. It is astonishing, Fernando, that you should have no recollection of what passed in the gallery of St. Ildephonso. Is it possible that the *rencontre*, the *vision*, as you expressed yourself, should be entirely effaced from your memory. Do you say so in earnest ; or do you but endeavour to forget

forget your misfortune? Heaven grant some happy event may prove my conjectures idle, and you shall then see if I have a heart to serve my friend. In the mean time, I shrewdly suspect that the affair will be taken advantage of, for the forming of I know not what shemes, to plan I know not what dark design ; but woe to those who plan it ! I will watch them, and detect them before they can seize on their prey.

Adieu, my friend ! I need not assure you that you may depend upon me, as you could upon yourself, Who loves you not is an enemy to me ; who injures you injures me. Fernando and Carlos will be friends till death.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

Inigo Astucia to Don Juan Spinoletto.

Anduxar, 7 July, 17—

YOU are always pleased to be pleasant with me, Signor: Certainly the situation of secretary of legation would have suited me admirably; but I could never have supposed that Don Pedro would have thought of putting me in competition with that little blackguard Texado, who is but a school-boy, and much less that he would have presumed to refuse this place to the earnest solicitation of his brother-in-law, whom it is so much his interest to oblige? It was very natural, therefore, that I should consider myself safe, which I certainly did till
the

the very last moment ; but as soon as I saw there was a chance of losing it myself, I did all in my power to make him lose it likewise. I ran all over the town to meet with him, and engage him in some affair that should make Don Pedro set off without him. One of his friends, whom I met in my search, promised me that, if he tied him up, he would prevent his going.

All these wise precautions, however, had no effect, and I was no less surprised than chagrined at seeing this little Texado arrive. Don Carlos had joined him, and notwithstanding all I had said and done, he brought him in triumph to the house. The time pressed, there was no possibility of getting him back again. I did not lose courage. I provided myself with a purgative

gative drug, which I take occasionally for my health. I increased the dose a little, in order that it might operate more effectually, and the chances were a thousand to one but that the mischief it would have done to the little school-boy would have confined him to his bed four-and-twenty hours, which delay would have obliged Don Pedro de Massarena to have set off without his darling. The next morning, Don Pedro being pleased to desire me to pour out the chocolate, I slipped, with the greatest dexterity, a powder into a cup, which, with still greater dexterity, I placed before Texado. He made a few faces on tasting it ; but he was so completely intent on contemplating his future destination, that he swallowed it all to the very grounds.

grounds. The little dog must have the constitution of a horse, for we went to the castle, heard mass, and returned to the gallery of the castle, before the medicine took any effect ; and when it did, it was a quite contrary one to that I designed or expected. It is possible that in doubling this dose I did wrong, and that the addition I made, might change it from a purge to an opiate ; but be that as it may, little Texado fell into a gentle sleep, which lasted between one and two hours. When we had succeeded in awaking him, he vomited it all up ; and the little monkey, as if he actually suspected my design, swore that his sickness did him infinite good ; that he was never better in his life, and that he had a most voracious appetite.

And,

And, what is equally true, when Don Pedro arrived, he found him so calm and cheerful, that he could not forbear to jest him about it. Texado again declared that he was extremely well ; that nothing should prevent his going ; and he actually went away without appearing to have the most distant idea of what had been done to him.

You see, then, Signor, that if this innocent stratagem of mine, and all my other precautions, have unfortunately failed in producing the end which my desire to pay you implicit obedience induces me to hope, I say you must allow, Signor, that I am not to blame. It does not become me to question you as to the motives you had to send me to Naples ; but, perhaps,

Balbuena may answer your purpose there as well as myself; and, in that case, I shall be the only sufferer by all this; but as long as I can boast a patron as generous as you are, Signor, I shall never despair. My endeavours with respect to Don Carlos, succeed to your wishes; and I pledge my word to you, that I will bring him to fight.

You want, Signor, in your oratory at Aranjuez, an image which I know of. It surpasses all that you have ever seen, or ever will see. When we return to Madrid, I will place it there. You will be in extacy with it, and will confess that nobody is so entirely devoted to you as I am. All I require for this purpose is 60 piastres in advance, for which I will give you a
memo-

memorandum, and, when you are satisfied with your devotion before the image, some place that will compensate me for the secretaryship. You will be good enough to observe, that it neither suits my temper, nor my plans, to govern Don Carlos much longer.

LETTER XXXII.

Don Juan de Spinoletto to Inigo Astucia.

YOU call that an innocent stratagem? You are a monster fit to be hanged : It is not after this fashion that I expect to be served. You think proper to give potions, truly ! Whoever is capable, I will not say of executing, but of conceiving such a design, of suffering such an idea to enter

his imagination, is capable of the greatest atrocities. I neither know, nor wish to know, any thing at all about this adventurer called Texado ; I hate, abhor, execrate, the very name ; it is not your business to enquire my reason. My ears and eyes are perpetually annoyed by this odious name ; it is in the mouth of my brother-in law, and of my sister, and I never receive a letter from either of them in which it does not appear a hundred times at least. It is a piece of affectation, an infatuation which drives me mad. Those people have contrived to introduce themselves into my sister's family, and have gained a footing in it, which displeases me in the highest degree.—I must have the connexion put an end to ; and
do

do you take care that Don Carlos does not run after them;—that is the principal thing that you have to attend to. But understand me well, I would not do the least harm to any Texado on earth. I wish them to remain in the dirt they sprung from, and that is all. They are plebeians, but they may be very honest people notwithstanding; I wish them no more harm than if they were nobles; but as they are not nobles, I insist that there may be always one hundred leagues distance between them and me.

So, Signor, these are the tricks you have learned to play! And, suppose the health of this innocent youth! . . . suppose . . . my blood runs cold with the thoughts

of it ! You have shocked me, you abandoned fellow ! Mind that you do not forget what I now tell you : the very first time that you give me the slightest ground of displeasure, I will expose your baseness to the whole world ; I will disperse copies of your letter in all parts of the kingdom, and deliver you, bound hands and feet, to the Inquisition.

What business have you to dive into the reasons I had for wishing you to be at Naples ? It is not Massarena, but I, who am ambassador there ; but I mean that the whole business of the embassy is done as I direct ; that they turn out such as displease me, and take on those whom I honour with my recommendation. Since my fortune must one day go into the
Massarena

Massarena family, I wish to be the master of it ; and that nothing shall be done, or thought of, by them, without my directions or concurrence. Balbuena is a drunken blockhead, and cannot answer my views in the ambassador's service, as you would have done. Respect my inclinations, obey my orders, and do not seek to be acquainted with the motives which direct them.

Let me see this beautiful image : In these matters I allow you have the talent of pleasing me. Since it is to surpass all I have seen, or ever shall see, I burn with impatience to prostrate myself before it. You are a connoisseur, and I do not doubt, therefore, but it is as fine as you pronounce it. You have lighted up the

flame of my desires. Ah! return, return quickly to Madrid, my dear Astucia. You are certainly an inestimable fellow. You may apply to my banker for the sixty piastres which you have occasion for; I want no memorandum; I keep no accounts with you. You shall have very good reason to be satisfied with me, I promise you. I will reward this last service beyond your hopes; I will give you the consulship of Morocco or Smyrna; you shall have your choice of them; they are both promised me.

Adieu, my dear Astucia! take care that your pupil drinks and dances enough. When is he to fight?

LETTER XXXIII.

16 July, 17—; 9 o'clock at night.

Francisco Sancha to Charlotte de Suza.

I HAVE the honour to inform you, madam, that I am just arrived from Cadiz. I must beg to be allowed to-morrow to rest a little; and the day following I will write to you at greater length, to communicate some circumstances in which you are materially interested.

LETTER XXXIV.

Josephine de Suza to Françoise Sancha.

16 July, 17—

OUR miseries, my dearest god-father, are exceeding great, and of so
N. 5 deseparte

desperate a nature, that my aunt, my dear aunt, has no longer fortitude to bear them. She is ill in bed, and desires me to tell you the remaining part of our story, which she has not yet been able to acquaint you with. Do not desert us, sir; we have more occasion than ever for your good advice. We have only you to look up to. Nobody has any pity for us: Every body's heart is steeled against us. We are sunk in opprobrium and ignominy. In what part of the earth, in what prison, in what gloomy dungeon, can there be found beings more wretched than we are! And what have we done to merit this excess of misery and shame? What has my unhappy father done that he should be ranked amongst the most abandoned criminals?

criminals? You, I know, will do him justice, sir; you know, that if he is treated as one, his conscience is free from all remorse; but you are the only one in the world whose good opinion he has still preserved. All men abhor him, all men curse him. What a thought! How agonizing to your poor god-daughter! Spotless and innocent as Abel; he is a wretched fugitive, a wanderer, like Cain; he is forced to fly from every body's presence, and perhaps at this very moment, he who gave me being has not where to lay his head. The dreadful judgment has been pronounced which proclaims my father malefactor. He has been cast for non-appearance, and executed in effigy during your absence. The most dread-

ful and ignominious death has been his sentence. The execution was sport to those abandoned wretches who feed upon their neighbours' ills. The exclamations of joy, the clapping of hands, resounded through our room. We heard the public criers proclaim with savage joy, the unjust decree which condemns us for ever to misery and shame.

We have drank the cup of bitterness to the very dregs. Conceive, sir, if it be possible, what were my aunt's sufferings on that dreadful day; still she seemed to forget her own in the thoughts of mine. "My poor Josephine," said she to me, pressing me to her bosom, and bathing me with her tears, "God only now remains to help you, put confidence in him, he will
never

never desert you ; you are very young as yet, you will see better times : Remember the history of Joseph, the malice and cruelty of his brothers would have let him perish in a dungeon, but, notwithstanding, that he reached the summit of happiness."

The efforts my aunt has made to conceal her grief from me with fortitude, have at length exhausted all her strength. At the close of that cruel day she complained of a slight fever ; she went to bed, and has never quitted it since, except for a very few minutes, when at my request she makes an effort to get up. I help her to walk, she gets a few steps, falls in a chair, and asks to go to-bed again. Her complaint, I believe, is a nervous fever and great weakness of stomach, for she takes
 very

very little nourishment, and that little it frequently will not bear.

Imagine my distress, sir: I dare not get a surgeon, nor a physician, for she forbids my doing so, and in our present situation, we are unwilling to admit any body. For the same reasons I cannot procure a nurse. I am the only one she has to attend her; and I am myself very weak, and incapable of giving half the assistance she requires. I am obliged to go out to fetch what she wants, and she does not like me to go into the streets alone, on account, she says, of my youth. Her fears torment her whenever she sees me shut the door, and never leave her till I return.

Such, my dear godfather, is our present
condition;

condition ; can it be more dreadful ? One only consideration remains, which is, that you will always love your unhappy god-daughter. What have you heard about my father ? Tell me where he is ; and as soon as my aunt is better, I will go with her, and join him in whatever part of the globe he has found refuge. It is my duty ; he may think else that we forget him, and he has only us to comfort him.

My aunt wished me to continue the particulars, which it is necessary you should be acquainted with, in order that you may instruct us how to act. I have not mentioned a word about them, and this letter is already very long ; I must, therefore, defer it till to-morrow. Love me always, my dear god-father. Next to
my

my father and my aunt, you are, and always will be, most dear to me.

LETTER XXXV.

Francisco Sancha to Josephine de Sosa.

17 July, 17—

WE have not a moment to lose, my dear god-daughter. Our first care must be your aunt's health. What would become of you, if you should lose her? Neglect nothing for her recovery. Her disorder is in all probability produced by her despair. Do you, my dear Josephine, comfort and encourage her. I send you a hamper of the finest wines in Andalusia; make her take some of it to strengthen her.

her stomach, and put it a condition to bear more substantial nourishment.

She must have a physician, beyond all doubt. I will send doctor San Domingo, who is a man of great note, and an old acquaintance of mine. You need not apprehend the least indiscretion from him.

Why do you not get a nurse? She will be very useful to your aunt, and will be able to wait upon her much better than you can: the weakness of your age will not admit of your doing several things that require strength. Leave it entirely to your landlord to procure one. What have you to fear from a nurse? She will know nothing but what you think proper to tell her, and your health will be spared by her assistance. You must take care

of



of yourself, my dear god-daughter, if not for your sake, for that of your unhappy father, who has no hope nor comfort but in the friendship and affection of you, his sister, and myself.

Does your dear aunt want money? Tell me freely, my dear girl. A god-father is no stranger, and I have not forgotten the promises I made at your baptism. In the absence of him who gave you life, I am your true father.

I was apprised that the fatal sentence would be passed and executed in effigy, and my principal reason for going from Seville to Cadiz was, that I might not be here when this insult was done to your father. I can only recommend you to
bear

bear up against this sad misfortune, and not add to its weight by your despair.

But let me now proceed to the information in which you are concerned. While I was at Seville, I met Don Carlos, who spoke to me about you, but in such respectful terms, that I could not but feel much obliged to him. I begged that he would not think of you any more, and he declared to me, with all the frankness of an open-hearted gentleman, that it was far from his wish or intention to disturb your tranquillity in any manner; "But," added he, (which I could not at all understand,) "perhaps I know as much or even more about her, than yourself." He was with Astucia, who whistled and looked at me all the time without speaking a word.

While

While I was at Cadiz, I was invited to dinner with the owner of the *David*. The corregidor, who is a very jovial man, was of the party. Several toasts were drank, and at desert the turn came to me. — “Come,” said the corregidor to me, “what toast do you give, Signor Sancha.” “Success to *David*,” replied I. — “What *David* do you mean?” — “The ship *David*, on-board of which I have two chests of books, which is one reason for my wishing her safe in port.” — “Talking of the *David*,” said the corregidor, “do you know, Signor Sancha, that if we had been a few hours sooner we should have overtaken Cæsar de Suza.” Observe, that it was your father he meant. “Indeed!” said I, trembling all the time, — “how so, Signor? I should

should like to hear.”—“ I will tell you the plain and simple story then. — There came to my office an exceeding well-made man, about forty-two years old, five feet five inches high, with a prominent forehead, brown curly hair, grey eyes, brown eye brows, round chin, small mouth, cherry lips, regular teeth, one out in the lower jaw, a swarthy complexion, legs taper in the lower part, but plump in the calf, and asked for a passport to go to Marseilles. I asked him his name. He told me that it was Antonio Roidera. I asked him what he was going to do there? He answered, that he was going on business for his trade. I asked him what was his trade? He answered that he was a salt-wort merchant. Nothing appeared
to

to me more likely than that should be his trade, and that he should go to Marseilles in the way of his trade: I accordingly delivered the passport to Signor Antonio Roidera, with which he seemed extremely well satisfied. But the best part of the story is, that about six hours after the *David* had cleared the harbour with a fair wind, a courier dispatched from the Escorial arrived post-haste. He came into me with his boots on, and his spurs dripping with blood. "Signor Corregidor," said he to me, quite out of breath, "I have killed two horses in making haste hither. Cæzar de Suza is at Cadiz; you must refuse him a passport and have him arrested." "I must know first if he is *arrestable*," said I; "whether he has not got a passport under

a feigned name, and whether he is not already at sea. "What do you say, Signor Corregidor?" exclaimed the courier, quite astonished; "it is a thing impossible." "I do not say *it is so*," replied I, "but it is very likely. You ought to have the description of Cæsar de Suza about you, Signor Courier." He immediately searched his pockets, and took out a packet, which at first he had forgotten to give me. It contained the description in question, and an order from the minister of the navy to refuse a passport to Cæsar de Susa, and cause him to be put under arrest. The minister's order was accompanied by a note from Don Juan de Spinoletto, promising a reward of thirty quadruples to whomsoever would apprehend the said

Cæsar

Cæsar de Suza. On reading the description, I could not forbear laughing. It was the same word for word as the person's who called himself Antonio Roide-ra, and said he was a salt-wort merchant. "You laugh," said the courier. "Yes," said I, "I laugh at your having killed two horses to no purpose. Go and rest yourself, Signor Courier, and write to Don Juan de Spinoletto, that he may keep his quadruples, for Cæsar de Susa has had a passport under a false name, and embarked on board the *David*, and is by this time far enough from the coasts of Spain. "It does not signify," said the Courier; "he must be taken, cost what it will; you must send a troop of cavalry after him." Upon that my mirth encreased. "Signor Courier," said I,

I,

I, "have the goodness to tell me when you saw cavalry sent into the sea." "Well," said he, "send all the devils in hell after him if you please ; have him we must." I laughed still louder ; but to please him we fired a couple of guns, and sent out a few sloops ; but the weather growing very stormy, they soon put in again without having discerned any thing of the fugitive vessel.

You must see by this account, my dear god-daughter, that heaven protects your father, since if he had been a few hours later, he would have been lost beyond redemption. The stormy weather which the *corregidor* spoke of, did not leave me altogether free from alarm. I asked, if they thought the *David* had suffered at all from the violence of the weather, pre-

tending that I was uneasy for the fate of my books ! “ It is true,” said the owner to me, “ that there has been every appearance of a tempest, but we have not heard yet of any ship having perished in it. Besides the *David* is a very stout built ship. But at all events, Signor Sancha, I will give you the earliest information I receive about it; but I do not much think that the fish will have the reading of your books.”

This is all that I am at present able to communicate respecting your father. Till I have letters from Cadiz, I shall carefully peruse all the newspapers to see if they contain any account of the ship that contains my god-daughter’s dearest treasure.

But

But to proceed to something else.—Be upon your guard ; adorned with such powerful charms it is impossible that such as see you, should not endeavour to be more intimately acquainted with you.

You have nothing much to fear from the *ci-devant* bachelor Fernando, since he is secretary of legation, at Naples ; nor have you anything to apprehend from Don Carlos ; his amiable disposition, and his good education, removes all my fears as to him. But that Astucia is an hypocritical scoundrel ! I don't know who is the most to be dreaded, he or Solomon Wanderghén, for I believe the latter to be a complete rogue, capable of committing any atrocity that would promote his ends.

What grieves me extremely, my dear god-daughter, is, that I am afraid we are deceived with respect to Ambrose: The life he leads, gives me great reason to suspect him. When he has done his business in the shop, he shuts himself up in his room. The noise he makes there has sometimes tempted me to watch him through the key-hole. He is generally writing; sometimes he rubs his hands together and bites his fingers, then throws down his pen in a rage, walks about, makes a parcel of gesticulations, and rants like a madman. His contorsions and rants would actually frighten you. When he has done walking, he counts his money, of which he has a great deal too much for a man in his condition of life. It is impossible

possible that he can have saved it all during the five years he was in your father's service. His money told, he begins to walk again, and exercises his sepulchral voice in a parcel of songs worthy only the banditti of our mountains.

Another discovery I have made against him is, that whenever he is in the shop all day by himself, I find at night that there has been a very good sale, but that my maravedis and rials bear no proportion to it. The fellow is on a very intimate footing with Solomon Wanderghen; they are continually running after one another; and their frequent conferences are far from pleasing me. I am greatly afraid that there is some mischief brewing against your peace, and so strongly do I suspect it, that
if

if your aunt had not unfortunately been sick, I should have advised you both to change your lodging in order that any information which Ambrose could give might be of no avail. He would no doubt want to know where you removed to, and would suspect something, if he were not told; but I could invent some story that would deceive him, such as that you were gone abroad to join your father. In the mean time we must be careful how we deal with him : we must wait till we can part with him without inconvenience. Till then, I shall continue to put a good face upon his conduct. Do not on your part, give him reason to think he has forfeited your good opinion, but be careful not to tell him any more than you are obliged. As
for

for me, in order to sound him, I will make him babble as much as I can, and affect to take a great interest in all he says and projects. This is not very honest, but your situation renders this perfidy unavoidable.

Adieu, my dear daughter; take great care of your aunt; be assured that I consider myself extremely happy in being your god-father, and shall be equally so to be a father to you while you are separated from that whom heaven has given you; but who, I hope, will not long be miserable, for heaven always comes, sooner or later, to the assistance and protection of innocence.

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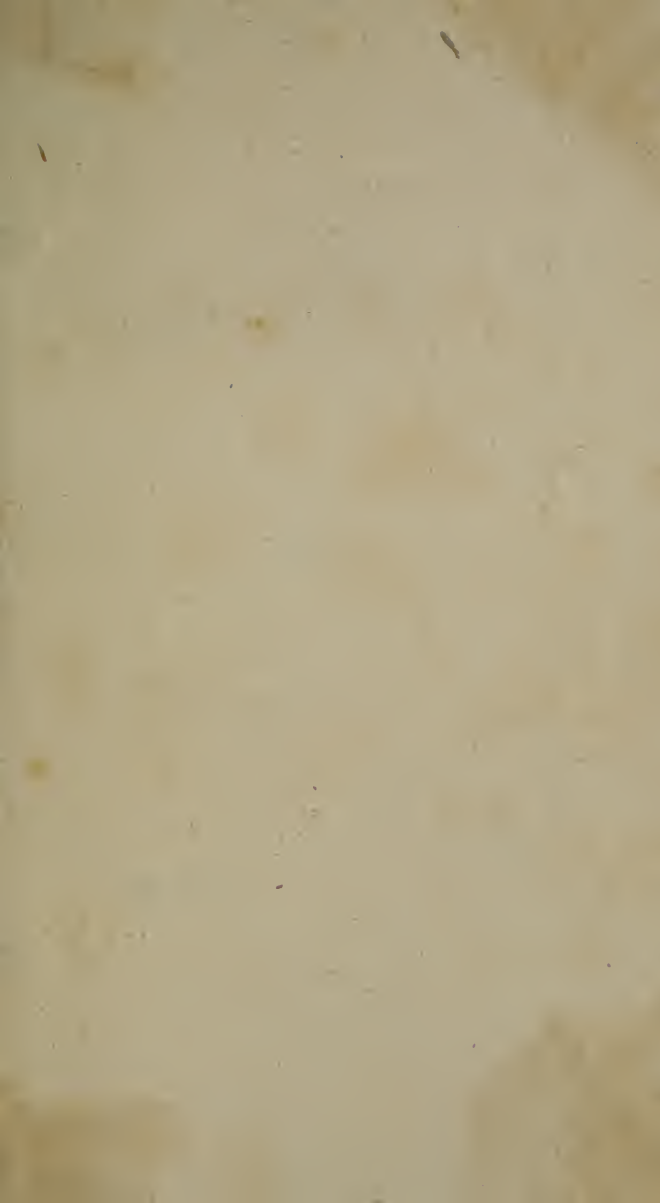
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